

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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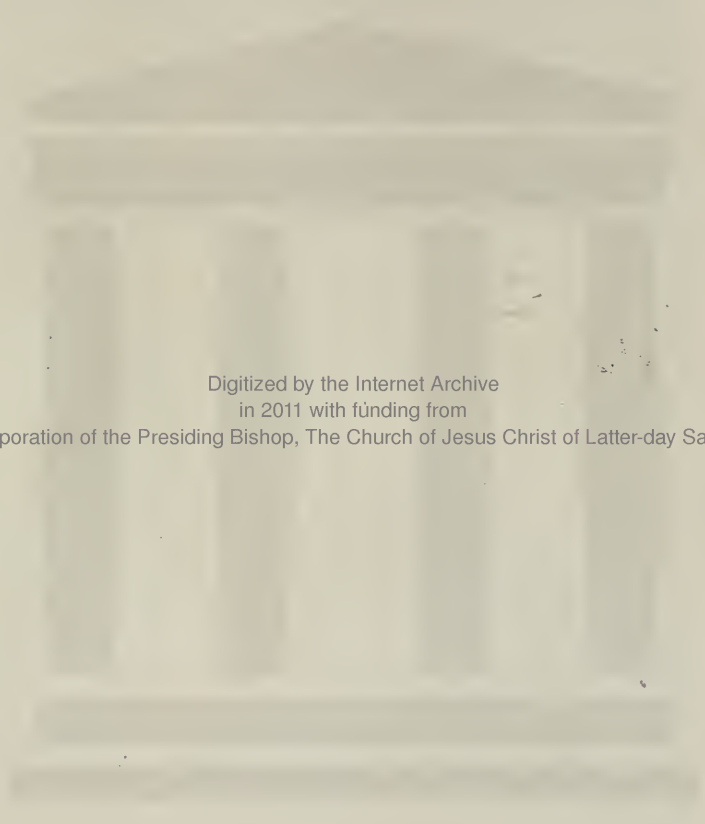
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GOVERNOR JOHN C. CUTLER.

Born Sheffield, England, February 5, 1846.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No. 1

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## ABOUT JAPAN AND THE JAPAN MISSION.

BY ELDER ALMA O. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSION.

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During the last three years, a great deal has been written and said about Japan, and were it not that I desire to tell the young men of Zion a few things about the Japan mission, and correct a few mistaken ideas about this land and the prospects for the mission's success, I would consider it out of place to add anything.

Due to the fact that some of our mail went astray, I did not get the March number of the ERA till a day or two ago. In this number I notice an article by Dr. J. M. Tanner about "Christianity in Japan," and I desire to comment a little on the conditions to which he refers.

When Japan, at the opening of the present emperor's reign, began her material, military and educational reform, she recognized her inability to proceed without the assistance of experienced and capable men. Such men were very scarce among the Japanese, so, at first, nearly every adviser, director, or chief was a foreigner under whom the Japanese received their first lessons. It was not long before the student absorbed the wisdom of the teacher and, as a result, the foreigner was dismissed from service to make room for the native who had acquired ability to attend to his

own affairs and educate himself. This is natural and right. The Japanese have the capacity to take advantage of an opportunity and to do things themselves. "What man has made, we can make. What man has done, we can do." This is their claim, and they are keen enough to perceive that sectarian Christianity which has come among them is a man-made system which, after a long training under foreign bishops and missionaries, they feel quite capable of running themselves. Hence, the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of a real Japanese Christian church, under the leadership of Japanese.

When this church develops into a reality, what will result? Nothing more serious than what already exists. By placing a Japanese interpretation upon Christ and his mission, I cannot conceive that any greater blunders are possible than those already made by the uninspired reformers of the past. Indeed, in some points, Japanese Christianity will teach more truth than either the European or American kind. Many of the absurdities in the modern Christian doctrine of Deity will be eradicated, and many rational ideas announced, for undoubtedly present-day science will play a greater part in the interpretation of scripture than Buddhist or Shinto traditions.

What effect will a Japanese Christian church have in opening or obstructing the way of the Japan mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? This is the question that interests us most. And I have wondered if the young men of Zion, reading Dr. Tanner's article, would not hastily conclude that a sentiment which would create a Japanese Christian church would work hard against the Latter-day Saints who teach that the New Jerusalem will be built on the American continent, the land favored of God, unto which all the seed of Israel shall flock. In answer to the question, I give my views as follows:

The new church and its new creed can hardly be expected to get farther away from the truth than the mother sects. The possibility is that, in many points, it will get nearer the truth, and, in many, it will embrace truth. This being the case, the step into "Mormonism" will not be so long as before. The rise of such a sect will give force and proof to our testimony against division in the Church of Christ, and the absence of revelation and authority



in the administration of the gospel. It will create an agitation, especially in Christian circles, concerning church government and authority, which will lead to an investigation of the scriptures on this point. Such investigation will certainly do us no harm. It will give popularity to Christian questions, and many will join the new church. Of this number, hundreds and thousands may later forsake the fold or become lukewarm towards it. However, on the other hand, reverence for the name Jesus Christ, will increase, and belief in him will take hold of the hearts of the people. Surely the Latter-day Saints do not object to men believing in the Savior. This belief, though feeble, is an improvement—a step towards the kingdom of God. The new church, after its financial struggles are past, will give positive assurance of the permanency of the Bible and Christian name in Japan. This is a paving of the way for "Mormonism."

Next, let me refer to the effects of the recent war upon the Christian movement in Japan.

That Christianity has spread and multiplied in Japan, in consequence of her opportunities during and since the war, is a fact beyond question. Charity has been given an open field, and, in the exhibition of this virtue, the Christians have eclipsed all rivals. The work of the Y. M. C. A., on the battlefield among the soldiers, received the praise of both high and low. In these works, and in the recent famine relief work, the Christian cause has been well advertised, and sentiment in its favor grows apace; while thousands are confessing Christ and being initiated into the several churches by sprinkling or pouring.

Let the emperor go to Ise and worship at the shrine of his ancestors as much as he pleases, the Shinto as well as the Buddhist shrines are doomed. The following extract from a Buddhist journal in Japan is significant:

Numerically speaking, Buddhism far outranks Christianity; but, by reason of actual work accomplished, the balance of power is in favor of the Christians. General hatred against Christianity is passing away, and the belief that it is better adapted to the new condition of things is daily gaining ground. Buddhist customs and rights are becoming more and more alien to the interests of society, and Buddhist temples and priests are often the subject of public ridicule.

The enormous amount of Yen 200,000 has been expended by the Hongwanji (the largest Buddhist sect in Japan) for the work among the soldiers, but it is far

inferior to the work of the Christian Association, whose expenditure amounts only to a few thousand Yen. Their quarters are regarded as a paradise for the soldiers, and they are welcome everywhere.

The work of the Christians has attained such success that it has reached the emperor's ear; while that of the Buddhists is always attended by debts and disturbances.

When Prince Arthur of Connaught visited Japan in February of this year, the emperor went out to meet him. On the way back to the palace, the imperial carriage passed by where an old man "from the back woods" was standing in the front row of the crowd. Reverently he bowed himself upon the ground and put his face to the dust, as his majesty passed. The paper the next morning reported the old man's act with words of praise. But while he and an infinitely small number of others followed the old custom, thousands stood on their tip toes and stretched their necks to the limit to get a glimpse at their emperor; and those who witnessed the old man's act smiled at his ignorance and antiquity. Because the paper praised his act, shall we conclude that the Japanese are going back to such ancient modes of showing respect to his majesty? The action of the thousands answers negatively. It is customary for Tokyo papers to mention these returns to the old customs, because they are so rare. Therefore, I believe that all that Dr. Tanner quotes from some of these papers about the emperor's going to the shrine at Ise, is simply gush over his acts. At any rate, the actual conditions, as we observe them here, do not bear out Dr. Tanner's conclusion, drawn from the newspaper extracts, to the effect that it does not look as if any considerable number of the Japanese were ready to accept Christianity. The truth is that, due partly to the opportunities the war has afforded, and to the natural evolution of thought in commercial and educational circles, the Christian name is being boomed in Japan.

What effect will this boom have upon the Japan mission? This is a question the ERA readers would, no doubt, like to have answered; and the answer is what I would like the Saints in Zion to know. For I infer, from reports that have reached me, that some of the Latter-day Saints consider the Japan mission a failure, or, at least, a premature movement.

Sentiment favorable to Christianity will enable those who

have become dissatisfied with the traditions of Buddhism and Shinto to study the Bible openly, without any fear of ridicule. It will not be unpopular to attend a Christian church. Studying the Bible or attending Christian services paves the way for belief in Christ (even that fostered by man-made systems) and is a good thing, because it, at least, creates reverence for the Savior and places man in a better position to receive the testimony of divinely appointed messengers. "Mormonism," though the best, is the most unpopular form of Christianity, hence, not so attractive as the sects. Popularity is the Japanese love. "Mormonism" is commonly ridiculed and misrepresented, hence it requires courage to be a "Mormon." This courage is at present lacking with the Japanese. Ridicule goes hard with them. It is not so easy to be a "Mormon" as it is to be a sectarian. People like tea, beer, tobacco and wines. Ten per cent of one's annual income is a little larger sacrifice than a copper thrown now and then into the subscription plate. It is easier to confess to a Presbyterian, Methodist or Congregationalist preacher than to a "Mormon" elder, because there is much to learn in "Mormonism" that requires longer study and more humble research than do the doctrines of men. Therefore, while thousands are following the course of least resistance, and joining with sectarianism, converts to "Mormonism" are few, very few. Japan at present is in a mad race for worldly glory, and the Christianity which makes the best material showing is the catchy one. Nor can we justly criticise the Japanese for being attracted, at first, by the outside ornaments, rather than the inner virtues; for, generally speaking, this is the case all over the world.

But remember that the immediate results of a religious boom are not its only results. After the people have had enough experience in following Christ according to Calvin, Knox, Luther, Wesley and modern commentaries, many will recognize a real hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And the "Mormon" elders, having been in Japan long enough to understand the conditions and prepare implements for the work and acquire ability in the language, will stand ready to provide the honest in heart with spiritual food and drink direct from the fountain of Christ. After experience has taught the true-hearted that the soul of man can-

not find lasting satisfaction in a spiritless form of godliness, no matter how attractively ornamented, they will heed the voice of the true servants of God.

The prospects for the Japan mission are certainly brightening every hour.

Is the Japan mission a failure? Is it premature? The shortest answer to both these questions is an emphatic "No." It is the mission of "Mormonism" to preach the gospel to all the world for a witness before the end shall come. Therefore, counting its success or failure by the number of converts made, is a gross mistake. The aim of the Japanese mission is to preach the everlasting gospel and bear witness of Jesus Christ, that the people of this land, like those of all other lands, may be left without excuse. Our success or failure, then, must be determined by the answer to the question, "What has the Japan mission done, and what is it doing, for the spread of truth?"

When the first company of elders arrived in Yokohama, August 12, 1901, they stood alone at the very bottom of the ladder. They knew no one; everything was strange to them. The language they had was simply a jargon to the natives, and the natives spoke with a jargon in return. They had no book nor pamphlet to take the place of their speechlessness. They knew nothing of the Japanese character, nothing of the laws of the country, and were ignorant of the customs and manners of the people. They hardly knew how to proceed, and when they did get started, everything was like an experiment. They had to feel their way cautiously, and study diligently, with implicit faith in God.

The first company of missionaries consisted of three men and a youth. The following year President Heber J. Grant returned to America, and brought, on his second trip to Japan, his daughter, three lady missionaries, and five young men. The next missionaries (a company of three elders) arrived three years later, two arrived one month after these; the next and newest laborer arrived in August, this year. So, from the beginning of the Japan mission, five years ago, there have been nineteen workers in the field. But note the time of their sojourn. Three returned after being here in the neighborhood of one year; two returned after a two years' stay; two were here only two years and six months; one



was here three years; two a little less than four years. There are at present nine elders in the mission. One has been here two weeks, two have been connected with the mission one year and two months; three have been here one year and three months; two have been here four years and two months, and one has been here as long as the mission. From these figures the reader will learn that, of the nineteen laborers, one has completed a five years' service; two a four years and two months' service; two not quite a four years' service; one a three years' service; two a two-and-a-half years' service; two a two years' service; and nine less than a two years' service. Now take into consideration the Japanese language and the characteristics of the people, their manner of living and the conditions surrounding both them and the missionaries, and I think any one can readily understand that, while everyone has had a part to play in the work done, the blunt of the labor has been on the shoulders of a few, for only a few have been here long enough to know much about the language.

In the beginning, we could not speak, let alone write. Now we converse about, teach and preach, the gospel. Five years ago there was not a single written word for our use outside of the Bible. We can use the Bible now, but, sad to say, it is not the help we had hoped to find it; for it is translated in a peculiar and difficult style of language with which the people generally are not familiar, and many passages most precious to us are badly disfigured. By our own efforts, and by the assistance of native friends, together with divine aid, we have been able to publish eight tracts, seven of which are now in use. These tracts explain briefly the rise of the Church in the latter days; give the reason for our coming to Japan, and state our attitude towards the Japanese; advance arguments in favor of God's existence, and teach his character, power, attributes and relationship to man; point out the purposes of life and the final destiny of both the wicked and the righteous; declare the Messiahship of Christ, give a brief outline of his life, and expound the atonement which he wrought, as well as teaching the foundation principles and ordinances of the gospel. In these tracts the necessity of prayer is urged, and the essential features of acceptable prayer made plain; also the striking differences between the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and

the professed Christian sects are referred to, and, at every opportunity, a faithful testimony is borne. If the seven tracts were bound into one volume, they would make a book of nearly three hundred pages.

The translation of *A Brief History of the Church* will be ready for the printer by the time this article appears in the ERA. This translation will make a book of considerably over three hundred pages. In order that the reader may get an idea of the labor and time required to make a translation of this size, I will state that one elder has already devoted all of his spare time, and many whole weeks of his time, during two years and two months to work on this one translation. Two years ago, a fifty-page tract (the third in the mission) was published. In making and correcting the translation, three rewritings were necessary, covering two sixty-two full pages of hieroglyphic-like characters.

The Book of Mormon translation has been made, but is now being carefully read, revised, corrected and compared with the original. The English text fills six hundred and twenty-three pages. The uncorrected translation is a manuscript of, at least, two thousand four hundred pages. Practically the whole time of one elder for the last two years and six months has been devoted to this translation.

Five years ago the songs of Zion were not known in Japanese. Today we have a psalmody containing sixty-six "Mormon" songs with new music to each.

From April 22, 1903, the date on which active missionary work was commenced, to July 1, 1906, our little band of missionaries walked 7,367 miles, rode 16,435 miles, visited 18,636 homes, revisited 14,281 homes, distributed 29,354 tracts, sold 167 books, and otherwise distributed 909 books, held 3,251 gospel conversations and held 844 meetings.

Sunday School work has been going on for nearly three years, and many Japanese children are being taught how to worship the true God.

This, then, is what has been accomplished in the Japan mission since it was formally opened, Sept. 1, 1901. Compare the work with the number and ability of the workers, take into consideration the language and what has had to be learned about the

people and the country, and, no doubt, the reader will agree with me that the work of laying a foundation in this mission has progressed; that God has abundantly blessed his weak servants; that much has been accomplished—in short, that the Japan mission is a success, in that it is doing much for the spread of truth.

But, is not the mission a premature movement? The inspirations and revelations from God are never premature. Therefore, this mission, having been opened in obedience to a revelation to President Lorenzo Snow, cannot be premature. Some who count, perhaps, on converts only, have said, "The Japanese are evidently not ready for the missionary's testimony. The harvest is not ripe." I answer, "Neither are the missionaries prepared to bear this testimony until they have learned the language, nor reap the harvest until they have obtained a sickle." From what I have written above, the reader will see that the work, so far, has been one of preparation—we are beating the harvest implements into shape; contemporary with this work, the thoughts and aspirations of the Japanese mind and heart are undergoing great changes. Preparing the sickle is just as important as reaping the harvest, and it is being done at a time most opportune. Should we complete this preparation for the harvest before the harvest is ready for us, there is still plenty of work to do, and no time to sit by and say, "premature." We can put our hands to the plow and plow the field, we can, we must, assist in sowing the seed and raising the crop, if we expect the joy of reaping. The wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit on very many important occasions in the history of this mission, especially at the time the land was dedicated for the proclamation of the gospel, prove beyond all doubt, that God ordered the Japan mission, and is sustaining it for the final accomplishment of his righteous will.

In conclusion, let me assure all young men who are expecting at some time a call to go into the vineyard of the Lord, that they need have no dread of an experience in Japan. God is here. Upon every elder who comes forth in faith and works with diligence and humility, the blessings of heaven are poured out in such abundance that the Japanese language becomes a delightful study; and his mission, be it long or short, is a great privilege, a grand opportunity.

Tokyo, Japan, September 5, 1906.

## WHICH?

---

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

If, when I pass the portal grey,  
Eternal rest awaits me;  
If I shall meet no obstacle,  
And struggles all forsake me:  
Then let me sleep,  
Forever sleep.

If sympathy I shall not feel,  
For dear ones left behind me;  
Nor sorrow's tear ne'er dim mine eyes,  
But placid goodness blind me;  
Then let me sleep,  
Forever sleep.

If all regret shall cease to be,  
For mortal sin and failing;  
My ears and heart be tightly closed  
To pleading means and wailing,  
Then let me sleep,  
Forever sleep.

But if I find there endless peace,  
Which passeth understanding,  
Because of penitence of mine,  
And joy in his commanding;  
Then let me live,  
Forever live.

If I may carry words of hope,  
To spirits long benighted,  
And show them that with wondrous love,  
Their prison should be lighted;  
O, let me live,  
Forever live!

If, with the moon beneath my feet,  
And suns above me shining,  
The stars may be my stepping stones,  
To aid me in my climbing;  
Then I shall live,  
In glory live!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

RUTH MAY FOX.



## HONOR THY PARENTS.

BY PRESIDENT J. A. MCRAE, OF THE COLORADO MISSION.

---

Some months ago, while conversing with a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, he stated that children owed no debt to parents, "for," said he, "parents are alone responsible for the children being born; and how can they, the children, owe a debt they have never contracted, nor had anything to do in contracting? They are creatures of circumstances, and those who brought these circumstances upon them are alone responsible; if allegiance and honor be due, it must be from parent to child." At the time the remark was made, I gave no particular heed to it, knowing the speaker to be a confirmed bachelor; but, since he is a man who has influence enough in the community to mould the thoughts of his associates, I have later had some serious reflections on the subject. I have since also heard the remark from others, and, too, from children of Latter-day Saint families, and I have wondered if being in the world, and surrounded by worldly influences more than formerly, had made us partakers of the thoughts of worldly men and women.

Is it true that our young men and women have so far lost sight of filial piety as to give place to thoughts inimical to all good forms of government? Such thoughts are anarchistic, pure and simple. Why was it that God wrote with his own finger upon tablets of stone, and thundered from Mount Sinai, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"? Because we are responsible to those who gave us birth, and they are not merely "paying the debt" they owe us by providing food and raiment, shelter and protection, by

sleepless nights and the worry by day from the cradle to the grave, but are placing us more and more under obligations to our parents. Never does the boy or girl get too old to be the constant care and concern of the parents. Then, too, should this statement be true, that children are not responsible to earthly parents, the only logical conclusion to reach is that we are not responsible to God. For we are as truly his children as we are the children of our earthly parents. Certainly no one will say that we owe no allegiance to God, for to him we are indebted for all that we are.

So long as the children of Israel gave heed to that fifth great commandment, they were prospered in the land, but as soon as they transgressed, they began to fall. In the Nephite history, the sons who listened to the counsel of their father were blessed of the Lord. Paul saw these conditions, for he says, "This know, also, that in the last days, perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." Here Paul classes those who are disobedient to parents with all manner of sinners, and places such disobedient before traitors, who are the most despised people on earth. He truly saw our day, and spoke of these conditions, portraying them with a prophetic pen as well as or better than we can do today, even though we are living in the time of the happening of these events. During the days of the ministry of the Savior, he enumerated all the commandments save one, and in speaking of this fifth one, he says, "For God commanded saying, Honor thy father and mother: and he that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, whosoever saith to his father or his mother, it is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me, and honor not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition. Ye hypocrites! Well did Esaias prophecy of you saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me, but in vain they do worship

me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Thus, according to Christ our Lord, the people of his day were in the condition of giving a lip service, and honoring men more than honoring God.

It seems that the pages of history are filled with so many beautiful testimonials that even a fool need not err therein. The teachings of the great men of all ages have been to the end that honor should be due to parents, and great men turn to their parents to learn why they, the children, have been successful. There, and nowhere else, can the answer be found.

In speaking on this subject, I have so far said nothing about the beautiful principle revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, "Behold I will reveal unto you the Priesthood by the hand of Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so the earth would be utterly wasted at his coming." The promises made to the fathers can only be realized by the obedience of the children. Then the continuation of this subject leads us on and on to the eternal worlds where the parents and children shall again be united, and each will stand in his own sphere, after "each shall have taken his place in the silent halls of death."

Why should I honor my parents, why should their counsels be heeded? Because God has commanded it; and has blessed me, and has promised to give me this land to live long upon, that it might be well with me; because in the kingdom of my Father I shall have the privilege of again seeing the family ties connected, and each shall occupy his station, none higher because of his pretended wisdom here, but exalted because of his great humility and piety towards earthly and heavenly parents. Paraphrasing the words of the Savior, "How can you love your Father in heaven whom you have not seen, and hate your earthly parents whom you have seen?"

It may be that some of our young men and women slight their parents because it is popular, and because they are afraid to come out and face the opposition. I trust not; and if so, let us tear ourselves loose from such thralldom, and remember that the man

who rows against the stream is the one who gains strength for the battle of life. He who drifts with the tide, and whose life is swayed by the opinions of others, regardless of right or wrong, is not sought for in the busy marts of life, nor is he found in any vocation among the leaders of men.

Joseph Smith was a boy who, according to the testimony given by those who knew him, was filled with much respect and love for his parents, and he descended through a long line of just such sturdy stock; and so, as he developed into manhood, God saw fit to honor him by choosing him as the honored instrument through which this glorious gospel was revealed to mankind. In all the references which the prophet made to his noble father and mother, he speaks of them in the most endearing terms. The present leader of the Church, whose life is an open book before us, also speaks in the most tender terms of his father and mother, and the trials through which they were called to pass to give him the priceless testimony of the gospel.

Boys and girls, do not depreciate the works of your noble ancestors who blazed the trails and built the bridges over which you have passed to your present prosperity. You owe your all to them. They endured hardships which would frighten the most valiant of us. They suffered hunger, privations, and all manner of afflictions; and all, that we, their children, might come to a knowledge of the truth. All honor to those noble sons and daughters of God, our fathers and our mothers.

In Springville, a few years ago, I attended a reunion of the old folks of that place. Among those gathered for the exercises were several pioneers of 1847, and others who had come to the country later. I looked at their bruised hands and the many lines in their faces, and each appeared to tell a tale of hardship and privation. Their eager, upturned faces, their hearty laughter, and their expressions, told me that in fancy they were living over again the scenes of youth. After the exercises of songs, recitations and speeches were concluded, and the order was given to go out under the shade of the trees, to tables laden with good things to eat, I thought myself favored to bear the weight of some old veteran as he leaned upon my arm.

As I saw their hearty handshakes, and heard their words of



good cheer, as companions of other days greeted each other, I could not help but wish for an honored old age. In my fancy, I was carried back along the trail of these hardy pioneers. I saw them as they were driven from their homes, over the frozen ground upon which they were forced to tramp. I saw the sufferings of women and children on the bleak, barren prairie. I saw the sun rise day after day on scenes of desolation and despair, and yet of thanksgiving to God that so many of their lives had been spared. I saw them on their westward march amid trials that would appall the bravest heart. I saw some faint and die by the way, and they were buried by the roadside with a board to mark their resting place, a piece of wagon sheet for a shroud. Then, again, as they neared the towering peaks and rugged summits of the great mountain range, new difficulties and dangers never before dreamed of confronted them. I saw them as they sowed their fields, but failed to reap because of the ravages of insects. I saw their struggle with the redmen of the desert; their perilous journeys into the heart of the mountains, in search of timber to construct their homes—homes far from the haunts of men in the tops of the everlasting hills, and surrounded by vast stretches of desert wastes. I saw their struggles to rear a commonwealth amid such scenes of desolation!

Again the picture changed, and I saw the desert transformed, and cities and towns, villages and farms, on every side; and prosperous men and women jostling each other in the busy marts of trade; merry, rosy children, laughing and singing with glee, or attending the large and spacious school buildings that afford so many advantages for the education of the young. And what had brought about this transformation? I was suddenly awakened from my reverie to gaze upon the veterans before me, and in the scarred faces and bent forms, I read the answer. Shall we honor them?

Denver, Colorado.

# THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA,

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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

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## CHAPTER I.

### DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cav-

ern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity; to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight, which this retirement afforded; they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be

perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper story by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom: and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DISCONTENT OF RASSELAS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skillful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practiced to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.



To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments; and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful: few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquility, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves; all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure; he neglected their officiousness, and repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that anyone was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats, that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation?" Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself; he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream, his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and

thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds pick the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me today; and will grow yet more wearisome tomorrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires, distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and, seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields he saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free: I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated. Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned; uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WANTS OF HIM THAT WANTS NOTHING.

On the next day his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of con-

ference; which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford: "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me; shall I be never suffered to forget those lectures which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the "pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence." "I fly from pleasures," said the prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." "You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the *happy valley*. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all that the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labor to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labor or danger can procure or purchase. Look around and tell me which of your wants is without supply; if you want nothing how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the prince, "nor that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint. If I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavor, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I

have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."

The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PRINCE CONTINUES TO GRIEVE AND MUSE.

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration. whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others, or that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The prince, whose views were extended to wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured: he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done.

This first beam of hope, that had been ever darted into his mind, rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the luster of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet with distinctness either end or means.

He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could enjoy only by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all schemes of diversion, and endeavored to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures never can be multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he sup-



posed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought.

His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen; to place himself in various conditions; to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution and redress. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind that he started up in the maid's defense, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not reach the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance, him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then, raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount!"

Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse; and remembered, that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. "In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy, or imbecility of age.

We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four and twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors and the absurd institutions of my country, I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse; but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven: in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies: the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth, and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed, who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertions by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it, having not known or not considered how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He, for a few hours, regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the valley of happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

*(For the Improvement Era)*

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Out on the waves of the billowy ocean,  
Under the gaze of the All-seeing eye,  
Lulled to a dream with the musical motion  
Of rippling sea, and the sunny, blue sky, <sup>45</sup><sub>2</sub>

We peacefully sailed, with the good ship Zion  
Spreading her sails to the changeable breeze;  
When, out of the east, with the roar of a lion,  
And blackening over the treacherous seas,

A tempest arose, the horizon obscuring,  
With flame and with night plunging over the deep;  
With the shrill voice of a cataract roaring,  
Calling the placid sea out of its sleep;

Calling the crew from their dreaming, and pouring  
Its anarchy into the fluttering sail;  
Like a fleet eagle upon its prey low'ring,  
It caught the small ship in the whirl of the gale.

The captain, above the loud thundering, shouted,  
"Hold fast to the ship, she will carry us through!"  
But, alas! there was many-a-man even doubted  
The power of a God to deliver that crew.

The tempest tyrannical piled the wild water  
Like mountains, and many a sailor was hurled,  
Asleep at his post when the hurricane caught her,  
Down into the foam of the watery world.

As suddenly, then, as its marvelous coming,  
The storm, like the wind in its threatening flight,  
The voice of the sea, with its plunging and foaming,  
The cloud, with its thundering, black as the night,

Passed away, the menacing water subsided;  
The good ship Zion, heroic and free,  
And giving her sails to the friendly winds, glided  
Out into the calm of the billowy sea.

While the cloud in the distance yet muttered and thundered,  
 And blotted the sky with its hideous form,  
 I stood on the deck and I marveled and wondered  
 That we were relieved from that terrible storm.

When, over the waters in a jubilant chorus,  
 Our praises rang out, o'er the watery realm,  
 For lo! we beheld in the dawning before us,  
 Our God and our Captain who wrought at the helm.

The crags and the breakers caught up the glad chorus,  
 And rolled it in musical echo along,  
 The skies, and the winds, and the billows that bore us,  
 Caught up the refrain of that glorious song.

T. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## HEART OF MINE.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

Heart of mine, why art thou fearful?  
 Why so many doubts and tears?  
 Deeply drink of hope's bright nectar,  
 And grieve not for vanished years.

He who clothes the fragrant lilies,  
 Heeds each tiny sparrow fall,  
 Never, never will forsake thee,  
 If thou wilt unto him call.

Heart of mine, be strong, enduring,  
 Walk the way without complaint,  
 Strive not to escape life's burdens,  
 Bear them bravely, grow not faint.

Every victory will make thee  
 Greater than the one before;  
 Then press onward, upward ever,  
 Trust in God and doubt no more.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



## GALILEO AND JOSEPH SMITH COMPARED.

BY J. X. ALLEN, M. D.

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A telescope is an optical instrument for enlarging the image of a distant object on the retina of the eye; or, if the object be a point of light, for increasing its brilliancy. It consists essentially of two parts, an object glass or mirror for forming an image of the object, and an ocular or eyepiece for viewing such object. By the telescope, distant objects hitherto unknown are brought into view, and objects hitherto but dimly recognized are magnified—seen more plainly and familiarized. The telescope is a means of revelation, whereby new facts are brought to light, previous errors and misconceptions are corrected, and the minds of men are much enlightened.

In the year 1609, Galileo made a telescope which magnified thirty diameters, by the use of which he was enabled to view the moons of Jupiter, thereby confirming the Copernican theory. As was to be expected, the few who were hungering and thirsting after knowledge gladly received the new revelation and profited thereby, but the great majority, led by the clergy, objected most vigorously to the innovation, which upset so many pet theories.

In the year 1820, Joseph Smith discovered a sacred telescope by which he could penetrate more deeply into the spiritual world; namely, inspiration and revelation. Revelation had been excluded for many centuries, from the faith of Christian organizations. The churches were satisfied with dogmas which governed their conduct, and loudly proclaimed that God had forever cut off communication with the human family: God had left them to themselves and to their conceits and follies. What the telescope is in the physical world, revelation is in the spiritual world. Revelation is the "Mor-

mon" telescope. It reveals new truths. It re-reveals old and forgotten truths. It corrects error in spite of its hoary age or high authority; but it never destroys, denies, nor ever casts suspicion upon any of God's sacred truths. And herein lies the parallel between the physical and the "Mormon" telescope. One gathers and concentrates the light of physical objects upon the retina of the physical eye. It is a means whereby vision is enlarged, knowledge multiplied, and intelligence wonderfully increased in the human family, by which means men are brought nearer to their Maker.

Revelation increases the spiritual vision. It illuminates the souls of men. It collects the rays of God's truths, and concentrates them upon the mind, and makes plain that which before was mystery. By means of the "Mormon" telescope, the Prophet was enabled to gaze into the realm of light;

"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it was not lawful for a man to utter." (II Cor. 12: 4.)

It was true before the invention of the telescope that there was a sun, and that it was the life and light of the world. The telescope did not seek to destroy this fact. It did not take away any knowledge which the world possessed with regard to the sun: it confirmed known truths. Its business was to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of the physical universe. By means of the telescope, spots were discovered on the face of the sun, and by means of said spots it was discovered that the sun revolved on its axis. A fact which always existed, but was neither known nor suspected by the philosophers previous to the invention of the telescope. So it is with "Mormonism." That there is and always was a Supreme Ruler of the Universe is and was a fact well grounded in the minds of the human family. This fact was demonstrated to the Prophet Joseph Smith by the bodily appearance of both Father and Son to the boy prophet. The known truth that there is and was a God was not denied nor suspicioned, but it was confirmed and demonstrated. But, as in the case of the telescope, while confirming a known truth, it corrected error by revealing anew a truth—although long denied—which was revealed to Adam in the garden of Eden, and also to Moses on the mountain. The God of

heaven has a physical body. He appeared in the form of a man. Man is made in the image of his Creator—sublime truth. The spiritual telescope has extended man's spiritual knowledge. God has reasserted himself, and the old error: "God has neither body, parts nor passions, nor any properties common with matter," has been corrected, and the world blessed by the "Mormon" telescope's collecting and concentrating more light upon the Author of our being.

The moon: the telescope did not deny nor cast suspicion upon the known facts concerning the moon. All that ever was true about the moon is just as true today as it ever was. The telescope, while confirming all known truths about our queen of night, revealed more facts: the mountains on its surface, the many extinct volcanoes, the dried-up sea beds, and many other things too numerous to mention here. The "Mormon" telescope, while confirming accepted truths about the future abode of our spirits, has corrected many errors respecting the future abode and conditions of the souls of men. For instance, the universal belief of Christendom, in the year 1830, when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, was that there were but two places and conditions that the spirit of man could hope for—one, eternal damnation in a lake of burning brimstone, where the spirit could suffer most acutely, but could not die, but must remain in this inexpressible torment, millions and billions of years—in fact, a never-ending torment in hell; the other place was the extreme opposite of the one described—all joy, happiness, and never-ending glory.

The "Mormon" telescope, while contradicting no truth, has re-discovered some very precious old truths. For instance: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." (John 14: 2.) Again: "The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16: 27.) Also: "Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant; because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities. And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities." (Luke 19:16-19.)

“And then shall he reward every man according to his works.” These scriptures seem to be about as plain as language can be made upon this subject. But through time and superstition, the thoughts had become blurred, indistinct, and inconceivable, until the “Mormon” telescope—revelation—was turned upon them, then they became clear, distinct and altogether palpable.

Before 1830, the Christian world drew one straight line of demarkation, and all who were found on the underside of this line, whether little or great sinners, were doomed to eternal damnation; and all who happened to be above said line were saved and crowned in the presence of God. No reward according to the life led and the work performed: either all saint or all sinner—devil or angel—slave or monarch; in a word, no justice. “One star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.” (I Cor. 15: 41, 42.) It is very plainly to be seen by the above quotation that the Apostle Paul had no thought that there would be no discrimination made in the distribution of rewards when the final reckoning shall come. Again: “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” (II Cor. 4: 17.) “Exceeding weight of glory.” Exceeding whose glory? The thought implied is that those who suffer most for Christ will reap the greatest reward.

Another parallel! The discoveries of Galileo excited the hatred of the leading clergy of his day to such a degree that they actively persecuted him. He was cited to appear in Rome before the Holy Office. He made a written statement in brief, of his discoveries: “The earth has a diurnal motion.” “The sun is immovable in the centre of the world.” While the second proposition is true as far as regards our solar system, it has been proved to be not critically true. The sun has a motion through space of about 154 millions of miles annually (Sir John Herschel). Although it has, since Sir John’s statement, been decided that the motion of the great luminary is about three times as swift as it was formerly supposed to be.

The Holy Office characterized the two propositions: “The sun is immovable in the centre of the world, and the earth has a diurnal motion,” the first as “absurd in philosophy, and formally



heretical, because expressly contrary to scripture," and the second as "open to the same censure in philosophy, and at least, erroneous as to faith." Two days later, Galileo was, by command of Pope Paul, the fifth, to appear at the palace of one of the cardinals and there he was officially admonished not thenceforward to "Hold, teach, nor defend the sinful doctrine." He promised to obey the injunction. But afterward he seemed to have forgotten that he had ever made such a promise. He had previously invited both philosophers and clergy to visit and look through his telescope, and behold for themselves the wonders of the heavens to see the circling moons of Jupiter, meandering around their primary. But no; they declined, lest seeing they should be convinced. Galileo finally died a prisoner.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, after bringing forth the Book of Mormon, was the object of such bitter hatred that life became almost a burden. The clergy were not satisfied with hating him, but they appealed to the mob—the lowest device and the lowest characters, to make life as uncomfortable for him as it was possible to be made. And because a greater prophet than Galileo, they were not satisfied with his imprisonment, but cowardly murdered him in cold blood, an innocent and defenseless prisoner.

There is one expedient that a baffled opponent can always have recourse to: If you cannot refute an argument, you can always abuse the author. Joseph invited the clergy to investigate his doctrine, but, as in the case of Galileo, they feared to investigate lest they should be convinced. They chose the vulgar alternative—they ridiculed him. They raised mobs to annoy and finally massacre him, as the Jews did with the Savior of the world.

There is a parallel existing between the telescope and revelation that I have not seen mentioned in any writings; namely, the difficulty in ascertaining the precise distance of objects having no parallax. A new star is discovered whose parallax is almost nil. It is almost impossible to get complete accuracy of results in trigonometry, where the given angle is very minute, and in many observations in telescoping, no perceptible change is obtainable. Therefore, the distance of the discovered object from the observer is a matter of speculation. In revelation we meet with the same uncertainty as to distance, in time of events foretold by the prophets.

For instance, the apostle Paul, in writing on the second coming of our Lord makes use of these words: "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." (I Thessalonians, 4: 17.) It is evident from this statement, that the second coming of Christ appeared to the apostle to be much nearer than it really was. That the early Christians understood this, and other scriptural passages, in a literal sense, is evident from Gibbon, chap. XI: "It was universally believed that the end of the world, and the Kingdom of Heaven were at hand." There is one way in which this mental mirage can be accounted for; namely, large objects and great events appear nearer than they actually are. Strangers coming to Salt Lake City, from the East, will imagine that they can take a walk to the West Mountain and back in a few hours. Strangers coming to Ogden, frequently imagine that they can take a run to the top of the mountains, on the east, in two or three hours, while they are waiting for their train, but in reality such a task would be a very good day's work. The prophet, in an ecstasy of spiritual exaltation, beholds a panorama of events so clearly that he fails to appreciate the distance in time of their fulfilment: the inspirational impression is correct, but the interpretation is hazy.

Although Galileo died a prisoner and in disgrace, the discoveries which he made, and the doctrines which he advocated, were subsequently accepted by the world at large. One would naturally have supposed that the circumnavigation of the globe, in the early part of the previous century, would have satisfied the philosophers that a flat earth with its four corners was a mistake; but no; men cleave tenaciously to long established errors. A flat earth could not be expected to "have a diurnal motion." But, "truth is mighty and will prevail" was verified in this case, as in many other cases, and the statements of the grand old man and philosopher have been verified and justified.

In the early part of the nineteenth century it was a universally accepted doctrine, among Christians, that life was commenced at the birth of a child, some believing that it was in the child a short time prior to its entrance into the outer world. Absurd as it may seem, learned men believed that a thing could have one end and not necessarily two. The Prophet Joseph declared that man had

a previous existence. Mohammed had declared "That which has a beginning must have an end." Ancient philosophers were unable to comprehend how men could reasonably expect a future life, if we had not had a previous one. That which was a mystery to the philosophers was easily understood by the clergy and their ignorant followers.

In the sixth book of the *Æneid*, where the warrior is supposed to pass into the land of shades, Æneas beholds a vast number of spirits. He asks his father who and what are those many beings which he sees moving about? The father's answer clearly indicates the belief of the wise men of those times:

"These are the Italian names, which fate will join with ours, and graft upon the Trojan line."

Reflecting minds of today fail to see how there can possibly be a future existence, unless there has been a past life; and also, how our future life can be influenced by our present, unless our present is in some way dependent upon our previous existence.

Marriage in the last century was regarded as being for time alone, while the prophet of the last days taught that it is for time and eternity. Adam and Eve were joined together while they were immortal beings before the fall. Therefore, being immortal, they being married, it certainly does look as if other immortal beings may also dwell in wedlock. This idea is meeting with much favor with many writers; even preachers will frequently make the remark at funerals: "He or she has gone to join his or her partner." In a word, "Mormonism" is being accepted by the world more rapidly since the martyrdom of the prophet, than was the doctrines of Galileo, after his death. As a matter of course, the world does not acknowledge that it is being converted, but it is, just the same, and the truth is already gaining the upper hand.

In the year 1830, it was the custom for every preacher to stir up hell fire, and shake sinners over the boiling caldron, the object being to work upon their fears and frighten the sinners into seeking the penitent bench.

The prophet declared against this mode of bringing men to repentance. He sought to convince men by reason, and by por-

traying the beauties of an upright and godly life—by showing that it paid better to serve God than it did to serve the devil.

Fear is the weapon of slaves, love and logic are for freemen, and for intelligent beings.

These teachings of the prophet are accepted today by all intelligent teachers.

“Mormonism” is taking deeper root in the hearts and minds of men than appears on the surface.

Ogden, Utah.

### THE CHAIN OF TRUTH.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

Beginning in our early youth,  
There's formed within each mind,  
Link joined to link, a chain of truth,  
Of many strands combined.

These strands comprise all lines of  
thought

That knowledge brings to view,  
And one by revelation wrought  
Has gems of wisdom, too.

Each mind its own bright chain com-  
bines,

Of links all burnished bright,  
Till, in the eye of faith, it shines  
A chain of truth and light.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

All attributes our minds possess  
Are linked within this chain:  
There's love, and peace, and happiness,  
That holy thoughts attain.

Each link we add, as years roll by,  
Forever is our own,  
To aid us rise to realms on high,  
Where Saints with God enthrone.

And there the soul its chain expands  
In honor and renown,  
While angels weave the priceless  
strands  
In one's immortal crown.

JOSEPH L. TOWNSEND.



## SKETCHES FROM THE LIVES OF THE FATHERS OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

COMPILED BY FREDERIC CLIFT, M. D., OF THE FACULTY OF THE  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

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### AUGUSTINE, A. D. 354-430.

[It is perhaps profitable for the elders of the Church to know something more about the early fathers of the Church, than is generally known. With this thought in view, Dr. Clift has prepared this sketch and others to follow. The extracts also may be suggestive to our elders, or prove that the fathers were in possession of many true views of the gospel, and thus corroborate the teachings of the Latter-day Saints today.—EDITORS.]

Augustine, Bishop of Hippo—the greatest of the Latin fathers of the early Christian church—was born of a Pagan father and a Christian mother, A. D. 354, and died at Hippo, near Carthage, North Africa, A. D. 430. In his *Confessions* he admits that his early life was immoral, and that he was given to profanity. At 30, he became professor of rhetoric at Milan, Italy; and was a follower of the philosophers who were then the vogue, and filled the lecture stands of the various schools of learning. The men who knew “all there was to know,” were as much in evidence then, as in the day and age in which we ourselves live. Two years later, however, he was converted to Christianity, and at 41 became bishop of Hippo, and held his bishopric for 35 years.

Augustine was a voluminous writer. Of his *Confessions* it has been said, “To the devout utterances and aspirations of a great soul, they add the charm of personal disclosure, and have never ceased to excite admiration in all spirits of kindred piety.” The *City of God* (*De Civitati Dei*) is a vindication of Christianity and

of the Christian church—a new civic order rising on the ruins of the Roman empire.

Of his philosophical studies, he writes, “And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I joyed proudly and swelled with arrogance. \* \* \* Among such as these (teachers and fellow students) in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence wherein I desired to be eminent out of a damnable and a vain-glorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called *Hortensius*. But this book altered my affections and turned my prayers to thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. \* \* \* I resolved then to bend my mind to the Holy Scriptures, that I might see what they were. But behold, I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children; lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures: but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully; for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one. Therefore I fell among men, proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snare of the devil, limed with the mixture of the syllables of thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth: but so far forth as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out ‘Truth, truth!’ and spake much thereof to me, yet it was not in them; but they spake falsehood, not of thee only (who truly art truth), but even of those elements of this world, thy creatures. \* \* \* And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after thee, they, instead of thee, served up the sun and moon—beautiful works of thine, but yet thy works, not thyself: no, nor *thy first works*. For thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they may

be, and shining." (Augustine seems to have had a clear understanding of the meaning of the first two chapters of Genesis). He proceeds, "Such empty husks was I fed on, and was not fed. \* \* \* For other than this, that which really is I knew not; and was, as it were through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, 'Whence is evil?' 'Is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?' 'Are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?' At which I in my ignorance, was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making toward it. \* \* \* Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the most rightful law of God Almighty, whereby the way of places and times were disposed, according to those times and places; itself being the same, always and everywhere, not one thing in one place and another in another; according to which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, were righteous, and all these commended by the mouth of God: but were judged unrighteous by silly men judging out of man's judgment, and measuring by their own petty habits the moral habits of the whole human race."

How many of our professors of rhetoric, of our boys and girls, who are seeking the educational advantages of this great country of ours, are placed in the midst of similar temptations? May their early training enable them to rise above their mundane teachers, and lead them to seek their inspiration from above. To him that seeks it shall be given.

Provo, Utah.

## HIS WAY OF IT.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF  
MORMONISM."

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### I.

"And what's your luck today, Thomas?" inquired Mary Thornton of her brother, as he entered, but remained standing just inside the room.

"Oh, about the same as William's there," he answered glancing hastily at the dejected form of his brother-in-law. "I've been out beyond the temple this morning, but there's no work as I can see, anywhere in Nauvoo. And I've been pretty much all over it, counting these three days."

"William's just got back from over the river at Montrose," explained Mary in default of a word from her spouse. "There's plenty of work here," she went on grimly facetious, "but the trouble is there's too many to do it." And then she added after a pause, "I wouldn't mind if we only had more for baby to eat. As for myself, I could shift another day or so."

Thomas, undecided whether to remain or to go out again in search of employment, looked about the room aimlessly. His brother-in-law sat on the end of an empty box, the image of despondency, elbows on knees and chin in hands, while with his feet he kept patting, distractedly, on the loose planks of the floor. Mary was sitting on the edge of the old lumber bedstead, which was nailed to the wall, and which just then held the child wrestling with Nature over a morsel of fitful sleep. The only other objects in the room were an old stove, covered with rust and



threatening to tumble down any minute, a small round table without paint or cloth, two stools such as are used nowadays in milking cows, and a couple of tin boxes, or trunks, containing all the worldly possessions of these three forlorn persons. Presently Thomas came further into the room, seated himself on one of the precarious stools, and began drumming absently with his fingers on the table.

After a few minutes of this diverting business he ventured the remark, looking meantime at Mary for approval: "We should have stayed in St. Louis, instead of coming to Nauvoo. Then we'd have money enough to keep us till we could get work, and besides, we could've got a job easily at St. Louis."

"What! and not have come to Nauvoo to see the Prophet?" demanded Mary, in a tone of offended astonishment. "Why, I'd rather starve where the Prophet of the Lord is than dwell in luxury anywhere else without seeing him!"

"I don't mean that we'd stay in St. Louis," Thomas hastened to explain. "Only we could have remained there until we got money enough to keep us comfortably here for awhile. I was as anxious as you to see Brother Joseph, even though I didn't belong to the Church. Anyway, it's no use talking about what we didn't do, then."

"Maybe that would have been the best thing to do, after all," she assented, paying no heed to his last sentence. "But we'll manage somehow," she added hopefully, as women always do when men despair. "Let's ask the Johnsons to let us have some things till we can get on our feet again. You go, Thomas, because William's so backward in anything like that."

Her husband raised his head and looked encouragingly at his brother-in-law.

"No, Mary," came the answer, "I won't beg or borrow as long as I have strength enough to work. I'm not even in the Church, and how'd it look for me to beg the Johnsons?"

The chin dropped again into the hands, and the elbows upon the knees.

Nevertheless, the idea was not without its fruit in Thomas' mind, for suddenly a light came into his eye. He said nothing, however, in the way of further explanation.

Next morning he was gone before either of the others was up. The fact, though, gave them no other concern than to hope that he would get something to do. Their condition was getting critical. Other days they had not gone entirely without food, but this morning the prospects were not so good.

Towards eight o'clock, however, Thomas came in, his face radiant with smiles.

"Got a job!" exclaimed Mary and William in one voice.

"No; not a job," was the answer, "but something that will serve us a turn better just now than a job." And he held up his red handkerchief full of something which proved to be various articles of food. He explained that as he was passing the Johnson home he was invited in to breakfast, but that he had asked the privilege of taking part of it home. This explanation was accepted without question, and the slender meal was spread out as attractively as Mary's practiced hands, coupled with her present facilities, would permit.

But Thomas' way of accounting for the food was not exactly in harmony with the facts, though it was as near them as his conscience could make it. He had been loitering in the neighborhood of the Johnson home, and Mrs. Johnson had invited him in to breakfast. But it was not strictly true that he had asked to take part of the food home with him. That, to his mind, would have been equivalent to begging. He had feigned—he had not said so in words—to be on his way to some farms on the bench, and intimated that, though he was not hungry just then, he might be before he returned, and would it be anything out of the way if he should put it in his handkerchief till he needed it? To be sure this was not setting a very high value on Mrs. Johnson's ability to see through this screen of a disguise into his real purpose, and likewise into the questionable bit of pride that would seek to conceal that purpose. But Thomas' head, not his heart, was at fault here. So he went home, by a circuitous route, with gladness in his heart. On the way, however, he had eaten a few bites, so that he might be able truthfully to say to Mary, when she asked him to join her and William in the meal, that he had already eaten! So he generously left the food, small enough in quantity to be sure, to the two, and shortly afterwards took his leave for the

bench beyond the temple square, so as not to have misled Mrs. Johnson too far astray.

## II.

That Thomas Freeman and the Thorntons, in a "Mormon" community such as Nauvoo was in 1842, should have acted in this needlessly shy manner, ought not to occasion a great deal of surprise. The circumstances attending their conversion to the new faith, together with their former home and environment, will offer a sufficient explanation.

Prior to coming to Nauvoo, they had lived at Preston, England. Not only had Thomas been born in this famous town, but he had lived there during the twenty eight years he counted up as his age. Indeed, he had never been farther away from Preston than the neighboring villages of Chatburn, Barshe Lees, and Leyland Moss. But this was partly for the reason that his early years fell in the days before the smoke of the locomotive had trailed the air of very many English towns. His father and mother were both dead, and for years now he had made his home with an only sister, whose husband was William Thornton. They were all quiet, unassuming people, working for their daily bread, and content with the lot that Providence had assigned them.

Thomas was an unusually modest man. Modesty, in fact, was his principal trait. This came about partly from the notion that no man ought to raise his head who had not been to school; and he had been compelled to earn his own living long before he was really able to do so. Then, too, he had been kicked and cuffed about a good deal—not literally to be sure, but the effect had been much the same as if it had been literal. Sometimes, indeed, this results in more or less independence and spirit in a young man. But it did not so affect him, because modesty was also a natural characteristic with him. No matter how much education he might have been given, or how high the station in life that he might have occupied, it would have been the same—he would always have undervalued his worth. Nor am I overstating this phase of his character; for if it had not been so noticeable, what I am now relating would never have happened.

Freeman was also very religious. This, of course, went along with his modesty, for modest people are generally inclined to be spiritual-minded. But his religion was not of that showy kind, as you might easily have guessed. Indeed, he did not belong to any church, though he often went to chapel with his sister and brother-in-law. He had his own ideas of God and religion, and since he did not find these taught at any of the places of worship which he frequented, he chose not to make it appear that his beliefs were other than what they were. From occasional words which he dropped, people got the notion that he was an infidel, and this hurt him to the quick, though he never made any attempt to correct the mistake. That would have brought on an argument, and arguing went sorely against his grain.

In the year 1837, when he was twenty-three, there came a great change in his life—a change that turned the whole current of events, so far as he was concerned, into new channels. This was the preaching of a “new” religion in England.

A number of ministers came to Preston from America. Thomas attended their first meeting. “This,” he reasoned, “promises to be different from any of the religions that I know of; so I’ll go to hear them.” And what he heard *was* very strange, indeed, and very different from anything he had ever heard before. The new preachers told of how, in the western part of New York state, a young man had received a new revelation from God; how he had had the ministration of angels; how he had been given some gold plates full of writing which he translated into English by the Spirit of God; and how a church had been organized with prophets and apostles, and all the gifts and powers enjoyed by the ancient Saints, as recorded in the New Testament. And these men had come to preach this gospel in England, by special commandment of the Lord.

Freeman related all these things to his sister; but she only laughed at him. “Do you think, Thomas,” she asked incredulously, “that we need anything more than what we’ve got in the Bible, the Old and the New Testaments?” she added, laying special emphasis upon the connective. “Besides, don’t we believe in Christ? and the good Book says that that is enough.”

“But,” James insisted, “these men said that the gospel had



been taken from the earth on account of people's wickedness."

"You haven't got it straight," urged Mary; "I'll have to go myself to hear them." Mary was older than Thomas by several years, and she had got in the habit of distrusting his mental powers.

The next Sunday, at her own chapel, these very men were the preachers. What was her surprise when she heard every word of Thomas' verified, and proved, too, from the Bible, the very Bible that she believed in. It ended in nearly all the members of that particular congregation joining the "new" Church. Mary and William were among the number, but Thomas held back.

"Why don't you be baptized, Thomas," she used frequently to ask her brother. "You've attended all the meetings. Don't you believe it's the truth?"

"Well," he answered, "I ain't good enough."

"You're as good as I am; and I'm baptized."

"You're a woman, Mary; and women are always better than men."

"But William, he believes and is a member," was her final thrust; after which came always the evasive response:

"I'll wait awhile. Some day I'll join. I believe all right, but I'm not good enough yet."

For nearly four years after their conversion the Thorntons, with Thomas, continued to live at Preston, performing outwardly the same trivial round of duties they had always performed. The only difference between their old life and the new was inward. They attended church as regularly, but not the same one; they were as deeply religious, but their hopes had been given a new turn and impulse. All the time they kept up a stream of interest in the Church in America. The scenes through which their co-religionists in the New World were passing, they lived over again in the Old.

But most of all did their thoughts, in common with the thoughts of all the Saints in England, more than two thousand in all, dwell upon the extraordinary person whom God had chosen to open up the new dispensation. What manner of man must he be who had spoken face to face with the Lord of heaven! His name was almost as familiar, and his personality almost as well known, in England among the Saints, as they were

with his own companions. They called him "The Prophet" and "Brother Joseph." As they longed eagerly for the day when they should see his face, and, it may be, to touch his hand.

Of this feeling Thomas, who naturally had high veneration and spirituality, partook freely and deeply, though he had not become a Latter-day Saint in form. . As soon as he learned that a general gathering was contemplated in the scheme of "Mormonism," he determined to go to the American Church and be baptized. He would break away from all his old ties in his native land, and live a new life in another country. In his determination to remove to America, his sister and her husband fully shared. Henceforth, therefore, every penny that could be spared, was saved for their emigration.

In the spring of 1842, they found themselves at Nauvoo. Someone's kindness had assigned them a small one-room structure on the east bank of the river. The location, it is true, was such as to make its occupancy undesirable in general; but it was the only vacant house to be found. The retiring disposition of the two men especially—Thomas and William—made the discovery of their real condition, so far as money was concerned, well nigh impossible to any of their neighbors; and friends and relatives they had none in Nauvoo, only so far as a common religion and sacrifice for the truth had created such. At all events, at the time our story opens, they were in a bad way for food, even though their own modesty, and self-depreciation were to blame. For a word, to the effect that they were in actual want, would have brought them ample provisions from the charitable sources of the Church, not to speak of private aid that would readily have been volunteered.

### III.

On the second morning after the failure of both Thomas and William to obtain work, the two were standing out by the gate of their house debating as to what to do. William, having thus early picked up an American habit—Western American, at any rate—was whittling a stick. It was still with them only a question of getting work; their pride and sense of honor stuck fast at the matter of begging.

"It came to me last night," said Thomas, breaking a long silence, "that we ought to go to the Prophet himself."

His companion ceased whittling, and gave him a stare of unspeakable astonishment at the audacity of the plan.

"Well," continued Thomas, staggered somewhat by the look which William gave him, but determined to regain strength by repeating the statement with emphasis, "it came to me last night as clear as anything. I was wondering what to do today, and it came to me like this: 'Why not go to Brother Joseph direct?' What do you say to that?"

The only answer was incredulous whittling. William's mind usually took a long time to move, not because of its unwieldy size, but for a more subtle reason. At the end of a few minutes' reflection, he spoke up in characteristic distrust of his own faculties:

"Let's tell Mary."

So the two turned into the house. Her brother laid the plan before her, in the phrase that he had twice used to William. She approved it instantly, as the whisperings of the Spirit. "Why," she said, "it's as clear as anything, and there's no need of hesitation. Go, both of you, straight to the Prophet!"

That decided them.

It was a beautiful morning, fresh and sunny, and provocative of hope in the despondent. Everywhere as they went were the sounds of bustling activity in the rising city. Every fall of the hammer that they heard, however, smote the hearts of these sensitive souls for their enforced idleness. But they took new courage when they thought of their errand, and especially the way in which the idea first came to Thomas.

They knew that the Prophet kept a store across the street from the Mansion House, and there they expected to find him. But as they approached the place, a new difficulty presented itself, which threatened entirely to defeat their plan. In the heat of reflection over the manner in which "it come to him," Thomas had failed to bring up the question as to who was to be spokesman when they came to be in the presence of Brother Joseph. And William had, naturally enough, supposed that the task would fall of necessity on his brother-in-law. Had he not first conceived the idea?

And was he not the bolder of the two? Of course, there could be no question about who was to do the talking. Then, too, the way in which Thomas had led out thus far relieved him of any anxiety he may have entertained on this point.

But as they approached the store, the difficulty appeared in its full magnitude to the mind of the bashful Thomas. Suddenly there came into his thoughts the greatness of the Prophet. He was a man of God; he had spoken with Him face to face. Angels had conversed with him as one man talks with another. He was the one man in all Nauvoo. Everyone looked up to him as a superior order of being, sent here direct from the presence of the Lord. In contrast with this came his own littleness. He had never been to school in his life. Only to the title of plain working man could he lay claim. He had never been accustomed to speak to his superiors; he only did what they told him to do. Least of all had he ever spoken to a man whose ears had been pierced by the words of Jehovah. He had always been content to revere the Prophet at a distance. Besides—and here Thomas almost groaned aloud—he was not even a member of the Church, he had never been baptized. If, therefore, he uttered a word to the Prophet, the Prophet would immediately detect the fact and send him away with a terrible look. As his thoughts reached this point, he stopped suddenly, grabbed William's arm, and shouted, almost fiercely: "William! you'll have to do the talking!"

So different had been the reflections passing through Thomas' mind from the images of physical objects—meat, potatoes, flour—which had been rising before the mental vision of his brother-in-law, that William was utterly bewildered by the demand. When he did understand the situation, there was as violent an altercation as their natures and their present environment would permit. Thomas urged upon William the argument that had appeared to his own mind; but part of these William promptly appropriated to his own use, for the personality of Brother Joseph overawed William's modest disposition even more than it did Thomas'. The upshot of it all was that William utterly refused to take the initiative; and so the burden of speech fell upon the diffident Thomas.

So, with great timidity they walked into the store.

Joseph, at that moment, much to their relief, was waiting



upon a customer, a woman. They modestly looked about them in mortal apprehension of the time when the customer should have satisfied her wants and taken her departure. The store was not a large one, somewhat longer than it was wide, with a rather high ceiling, and shelves on both side-walls filled with the usual groceries and dry goods. There were a good many articles here and there on the floor. They knew that above the place was an assembly room, used for the various quorum meetings.

But the moment came when the customer left the store. Joseph came towards them, from the opposite end of the room, still behind the counter.

"Well, brethren, he said with a pleasant smile, and in a jovial reassuring tone, "what can I do for you?"

Thomas endeavored to elbow his brother-in-law forward so as to throw upon him the responsibility of speech. The Prophet turned his eyes from one to the other, finally letting them rest upon Thomas. Those kindly eyes were the strongest possible invitation to speak.

"Please, sir, we're strangers here, and we'd like to have some work," ventured the young man. "We're about out of food. We don't want any money, only something to eat. We thought maybe you could give us some work."

"Let me see," reflected the Prophet, looking out of the window, so as not to embarrass the men by too constant a gaze. "I think we can find something for you to do." And presently he added, "Come with me," at the same time leading the way into the front street.

He thereupon laid out a job of work. They were to dig a trench nearly across the street, so many inches wide and so many deep. In measuring the length and giving the directions, the Prophet handed one end of the tape line to Thomas. When the measuring was done and the instructions were imparted, there was a momentary pause, in which there appeared to be some embarrassment on the part of Thomas and William. Joseph evidently noticed this, for he said:

"I suppose you'll need some tools; just come with me."

The necessary implements given them, Joseph explained:

“When you’ve finished this piece of work, come to me in the store, and I’ll pay you.”

If ever there were happy men, they were Thomas and William digging that trench. Almost famished as they were, they worked with extraordinary strength and vigor. Their hearts were buoyed by the prospect of earning food for Mary and the baby. And the ease of the whole proceeding! In the presence of the Man of God, they were so free and natural! The Prophet had made them feel as if it were he that was under the obligation, not they. All the while he was digging, Thomas took high honor to himself for having touched Brother Joseph’s hand. “And me, a Gentile!” he exclaimed to himself over and over again, with increasing amazement.

About the middle of the afternoon, they completed the job, and, gathering the tools, walked into the store. The Prophet met them with the same genial smile as before, went out with them to examine the work, and pronounced it well done—as good a job as anyone could do. Then the three re-entered the store.

Divining, no doubt, beforehand, the kind of goods the young men wanted, and reserving to himself the quantity to be given, he took them into the cellar. Here, suspended from the wall, were fitches of bacon, a vast quantity of hams, and other varieties of cured meat.

“Now, brethren,” Joseph said, “pick out a ham.”

They looked at him in the greatest surprise, without being able for some time to speak. Seeing their embarrassment, he urged them more strongly, but in vain.

“We would prefer to have you do it, sir,” Thomas replied modestly.

The Prophet, stepping forward, and examining the hams closely, picked out the very largest, and thrust it into the arms of the reluctant Thomas.

“Oh, sir,” he pleaded, “this is too much for the bit of work we’ve done—not more than a half day, all told. We can’t take this much.”

But Joseph would hear of no further refusal, but thereupon requested them next to follow him up stairs. There he set aside a sack of flour, a small bag of potatoes, and a few pounds of rice,

with the statement that these articles, together with the ham, he thought about equivalent in value to the work they had done.

Both William and Thomas protested. They urged that the amount of work performed was comparatively small. But all to no purpose. Joseph insisted that they had done their work well. He shook each warmly by the hand, loaded them with the articles, and sent them off with the happyfying remark:

“When you need any more, come back; we can find you something to do. Men must eat, you know.”

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE CALL OF DUTY.

BY ALFRED OSMOND, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

The forces of truth are prevailing—

Think not they have lost in this  
fight,

For mortals can never be failing,

Who do what they know to be right.

Our lives may be darkened with sorrow,

Or shine in the halls of delight,

But strength from this truth we may  
borrow—

“There’s safety in doing what’s  
right.”

The bugle of life is now calling

The friends of the world to the fight,  
And heroes around thee are falling

Who lived for the truth and the  
right.

Behold all this strife and commotion—

The world needs thy courage and  
might—

It calls for thy faithful devotion

To that which is noble and right.

O youth, if thy spirit is yearning

To mount on the pinions of light,

And soar to the summits of learning,

Where stars of advancement shine  
bright,

Ascend on thy faith’s shining pinions,

And match with the eagle’s thy flight,

But have all thy Learning’s dominions

Enclosed in the circles of right.

Be true to thy soul and its mission.

No matter how dreary the night,

And let not the god of ambition

Tempt thee from a course that is  
right.

To serve is the purpose of living,

Without which thy life is a blight,

And nothing is greater than giving

Thyself to thy God and the right.

Provo, Utah.

## GOVERNOR JOHN C. CUTLER.

BY PROF. WILLARD DONE.

[The ERA has heretofore printed the portraits and short biographies of all of the territorial and state governors of Utah. It is the only collection in existence. In this issue we print a portrait and pen-sketch of the present governor. —EDITORS.]

John C. Cutler, second governor of the State of Utah, was born in Sheffield, England, February 5, 1846. His early boyhood was spent in that city, where he received the rudiments of a common school education. At twelve years of age he obtained a situation in the city of Manchester. During his absence from home he continued his efforts at self-improvement, spending his spare time at the Mechanics' Institute and the Athenæum. It is interesting to note that these organizations were similar in aim to our Mutual Improvement Associations, having as their purpose the betterment of their members physically, morally, and intellectually. On account of the benefit he received from his association with these influences, Governor Cutler has always been a strong supporter of the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

Having become converts to the gospel, the family emigrated to America in the year 1864. After landing in New York, they went by boat to Albany, thence by rail to St. Joseph, by boat up the Missouri river to a place called Wyoming, near Nebraska City, and by ox team from that place to Salt Lake City, arriving in the fall of the year named. During the first year of their residence in Utah, the boys of the family were engaged in the labor common to the time, including canyon work, farm work, etc.

In his early manhood the subject of this sketch decided upon a commercial career. While in England he had received a thorough training in business methods, at the wholesale house of S. and J. Watts & Co., and he turned his knowledge and experience



## GOVERNOR JOHN C. CUTLER.

to excellent account in the various positions he afterwards held. In 1877, he became general agent, and later manager, of the Provo Woolen Mills. Out of the business done in this capacity, grew the present firm of Cutler Brothers Company, formed in 1885, John C. Cutler's two brothers, Thomas R. and Heber S., joining forces with him.

As indicated by his connection with the woolen mills, John C. Cutler has always taken a lively interest in home manufacture. He was one of the first to make knit goods in Utah, a line of manufacture which his firm still follows with marked success. When the manufacture of beet sugar was successfully instituted in Utah, he became interested in it; and is a large stockholder in the various companies of Utah and Idaho, and a director in most of them. For years Governor Cutler was a director in the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society, which conducts the great State Fair each year with the aim of encouraging home manufacture by bringing Utah products prominently before the people. In these various capacities he is a large employer of labor; and if anything can be said to be his hobby, it is giving employment to home people and keeping money at home. In addition to the business connections enumerated above, John C. Cutler is a director of various banks throughout the inter-mountain region, and is connected in a similar capacity with other commercial enterprises.

Governor Cutler has been consistently active in Church work. In the years 1890-92, he filled a mission to his native country. For a number of years he was a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. From 1892 to 1904, he acted as treasurer and chairman of the finance committee of the Latter-day Saints' University. He served as High Councilor in the old Salt Lake Stake, and later in the Pioneer Stake.

In the year 1870, John C. Cutler married Miss Sarah Elizabeth Taylor, and from this union seven children, four sons and three daughters, have been born. Of the sons, John C., Junior, is a prominent stock broker, Herbert E. is manager of Cutler Brothers Company, and Alfred T. is bookkeeper for that firm. Of the daughters, Elizabeth is the wife of Edward E. Jenkins, and Mabel is following a course of study in the New England Conservatory of Music.

In politics Governor Cutler has been an earnest Republican since national party lines were formed in Utah. He has not been a seeker after political office, on account of the close, urgent attention required by his private business. Yet he has found some time to give to public affairs. From 1884 till 1890 he was clerk of Salt Lake County and ex-officio clerk of the Probate court. For a number of years he acted as United States Jury Commissioner. In 1904 his friends prevailed on him to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. Mindful of the high honor involved in being Chief Executive of an important state, he accepted the nomination, and was elected in November, 1904. He entered upon the duties of his office January 2, 1905.

Governor Cutler has given his close personal attention to the duties of his office. He considers it his duty to give the same painstaking attention to the affairs of state that he gives to his private matters. It seems inevitable that this conscientious work will make his administration highly successful.

Mention may profitably be made of some of Governor Cutler's personal traits, as they are the basis of the success he has achieved in private and public life. He is essentially self-poised, and always keeps himself under complete control. No matter what the provocation, he avoids giving way to anger. He is strictly temperate in his personal habits, and urges others by precept and example to avoid intemperance. In his personal dealings with his fellow-men he is scrupulously exact and honest. He acts along the line of strict integrity, in the management of his private affairs and the affairs of state. He possesses the utmost confidence of his associates, and that is one great reason for the honors his fellow-citizens have conferred upon him.

His attitude on matters of religious and political belief and practice is broad and tolerant. While devoted to his own beliefs, he willingly concedes to all other men the enjoyment of their political and religious privileges, so long as their liberty does not degenerate into license.

All in all, Governor Cutler's labors have met with a gratifying degree of success, and his position in the community is most enviable.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## HOW TO OBTAIN FAITH.

BY ELDER F. B. HAMMOND, JR.

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No doubt there are many people who, sometime in their lives, were without faith. They have a faith today that an earthquake couldn't shake. The transition from doubt to faith has not come in one big bound, but faith has been given them, here a little and there a little, in the ratio as their thoughts and actions increased in righteousness. There may be many in Zion, even now, whose faith is weak. It would be strange were it not so. The gospel of our Lord is inseparably connected with his servants. It seems to be the privilege of all, and surely it is the delight of some, to hold up the lives of these servants as very faulty, and, in some instances, for ridicule. We read it in our dailies; hear it on the corners; often it is discussed in the family circle and, if we will read between the lines of most of the political gatherings, we can hear it from some who share to some extent the responsibility of those whom they malign. This error, with the strenuous American greed for gold, is causing many of our youth to grow up with less faith in the gospel than their forefathers. Many of them have serious thoughts at times, and often ask, How can I obtain faith in the gospel? For them, these few, simple lines are penned.

It is said that all great actors, who wish to do justice to the characters they represent, actually live the lives, think the thoughts, and arouse the emotions, that were manifested in those whom they imitate. None will dispute that actions are expressions of the mind, and is it not possible that mind can be absolutely changed to conform to actions? I think so. If you have no faith, act in a faithful way, and as sure as the Lord lives he will give you faith.

Paul says faith comes by hearing. Then, if you haven't faith, go where you can hear the word of God. If, on Mutual night or on a Sunday, you seek the saloon, street, or gaming table, it is a settled fact that the day or night will pass by and you will feel just a little bit farther from faith. The "word" that you hear in such places is not intended by its inspirer to create faith in the gospel, but the opposite. If you desire faith, go where faith is manufactured, put yourself in the right condition, and you will carry off a heartful.

All those who came to Jesus, maimed or diseased, were healed by faith. It seemed that faith, about the size of a mustard seed, and disease, cannot both inhabit the same body at the same time. If perfect faith brings perfect health, will not perfect health have a tendency to bring faith? It seems to me that the despondent dispeptic, or the cigarette smoker with the graveyard cough, can not have untainted faith in the gospel. They do not see the bright side of life, and faith will not acknowledge any darkness at all; but if they do have faith, they have little hope, and hope is a very near and dear friend of faith. If you want faith increased, keep the Word of Wisdom, get your bodies in as healthy a condition as possible, and you will be more susceptible to its gentle knockings.

No man possessing faith ever "runs down" his bishop, slanders his neighbor, scolds his wife, thumps his babies, or knocks a horn off from his milch cow. If you have done any of these, you have been forgetful or angered, and faith says to both: "Depart, I know you not." Faith causes a man to love everybody, everything. If you are without faith, begin to love someone—start in on mother, that queen of all creation. From the time you first uttered that little shrill cry that sent the blood creeping to her very finger tips with joy, until you gather around her bed-side with bowed heads, would she gladly have suffered even unto death for your salvation. When she asks you to go to Mutual instead of the club or cafe (often only stylish names for the saloon) love her then and there, and do as she requests. When you love her as you ought, remember father, too. He is gruff, and sometimes cuts deep when he reproves; but could you see in his big heart, the space allotted for his son, you would be filled with—love. Love thy father and thy mother and do as they bid, and thou shalt have faith all



thy days. Love brothers, sisters, the world, and then see if the Lord will not give faith.

There is nothing that produces faith in religion like doing what religion requires. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Buy a sack of flour with the "club" money, and send it around to some poor widow without letting your left hand know it. Be liberal with this newly called missionary. You are apt to get a call some day, and you will know how to appreciate a hearty "send-off," especially if the purse is well rounded. Sympathy, a kind look or word, are often more needed than gold. Always keep these at the head of your free list, and never let the stock get stale nor depleted. Imitate faithful people, and you are bound to receive faith.

Don't expect to receive the faith of Job in one day, nor in one year. Don't lose heart if you find by experience that faith comes as a slow, steady growth. "Righteousness in God is revealed from faith to faith." The Lord always gives faith to those whose thoughts and actions are in harmony with the law that faith operates.

Choose companions who have a testimony of the gospel; go often where you can hear the word of God; keep the Word of Wisdom strictly; love somebody—several bodies; give something freely; last, but not least, go to your room, pull down the blinds, and, on your knees, earnestly tell the Father you desire faith. If you make these principles part of your daily life, it will not be long before you can truthfully say: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Winnipeg, Canada.

## BY WAY OF THANKSGIVING.

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

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"That's why she's called Thankful," said Melissa. "We felt that special Thanksgiving day would have been turned maybe into mourning but for her,—and when, finally, we came to christen her, it had to be something that would stand for our gratitude. It seemed like the naming of her had been put off for a special purpose—for time and again we'd set the day, and something came to interfere. She was five months old when she got her name— and she got it for being a heroine. Jim and the Mayvilles gave me all the credit, but I tell 'em I'd never had the wit myself to think of what that lump of blessedness put into my head. Haven't you heard how it all happened? The story went into the newspapers, and I supposed everyone knew.

"You see, I'd known Mercy Mayville before she was married. Her folks were the wealthiest people in the place—but it never made any of 'em proud, and Mercy was just the sweetest of 'em all. Never a time you met her that she hadn't a fine smile and word for you; and when trouble came she was always ready to help the humblest. It was when she had me up at the mansion to stay, the time I was down with the fever, that I learned to know her best. We'd all had it, father, mother, and the two boys—and Mercy just took me right away to her own home and nursed me through it all.

"When I married Jim, there was a handsome present for us; and even after Mercy married, and went away to the capital to live, she never forgot us. I was glad when she made the old home her summer stopping place, for it gave me a chance to see her often while she was here, spite of the company that always

filled the house. In the winter she was always away—that is, after her parents died and the house was shut up: so it was quite an event to us when she came down here for Thanksgiving. You see, she'd taken it into her mind to give a house party here and have an old-fashioned dinner—then finish with a sleigh-ride over the country roads in the moonlight—a regular old-fashioned time all round.

“She wrote to me about it a fortnight before—asking me to coax Martha Wall and her girls to take charge of the dinner. Martha was famous for her cooking—the very thought of her pumpkin pies, and doughnuts and apple-turnovers and tarts made your mouth drule like a baby's. As for Martha's girls—there's just one word to describe 'em—buxom. Plump and rosy, with complexions like buttermilk—the sight of 'em was worth the price of a front seat at a theatre any time.

“This was why Mercy wanted them specially—to help out with her pretty scheme, and as they all occasionally took charge of parties like that, there was only the right way in asking. The only trouble with Martha was her temper, and it was this that came near making mincemeat of Mercy Mayville's party. Neither her, nor me, nor Martha, either, I guess, knows just what happened at the house that day. 'Twas one of the mysteries of Mercy's life, Martha's flying up at the last minute there in the kitchen, and galloping off with her girls.

“Think of a situation like that left on a hostess' hands! All morning the automobiles had been coming from the city, till the house was thronged with guests; and the first I knew, here come Mercy Mayville flying through the door—my door—with her cheeks red with the first real rage I'd ever seen her in, and her eyes red with—something else. She'd come to tell me about Martha and the girls streaking off in a huff—and to know if I could tell her how to fill their place. Well, I didn't know any one she could trust to do that—but me—and it didn't need the memory of all she'd done for me to make me volunteer for the task.

“I'd never been out at service—I'd had too kind and clever a father and husband for that—but I knew I could outcook even Martha Wall, and as for her girls—well, there was Jim, who always waited on table for me—and dressed up in his black suit

looked a heap sweller than the butler the Mayvilles always brought down in the summer.

"I had to take the baby along, having no one to leave her with—but she turned out to be a help in the way of entertaining,—to say nothing of what came after—for Mercy took her right out of the way into the parlor, and her cute ways and tricks kept the guests merry all afternoon.

"The dinner beat Martha Wall's best—if the trumpeting is my own—and as for Jim—well to me, he looked and deported himself like a prince of the blood. How those city people did eat! Seven courses, and the plates clean from each one. When Jim brought 'em out to the kitchen, it was like a medal had been awarded each course. But the time they took made it awfully late for me and Jim and the baby. I couldn't undress her till they all went away for the sleighride, and that was nine o'clock.

"We were to stay all night, for the party wouldn't be back till midnight, and there was the silver they had up from the bank vault to be tended till it could be properly packed away. When it was all washed up, we put it away in the panel closet under the stair; and I told Jim to go home and see to the cows and horses while I stayed with the house.

"There wasn't a bit of fear in me, for I'd often stayed there alone in the summer time, while the folks in the house went junketing.

"With the lights out and the doors all locked down stairs, I felt quite safe in my room on the second floor; and when the knob turned on me suddenly, as I sat undressing the 'baby, I never thought but that 'twas Jim come back. The sight of a mask always did give me a turn, and to see three of 'em peering at me all at once through that door, nearly ended my mortal life. I hadn't a sign of a 'no' ready when they asked me to tell 'em where I'd put the silver; a woman couldn't be stubborn long with three pistols facing her on a background of black masks. They locked me in when they went out, and I slipped the catch on the inside for myself and the babe, for there was no telling when they might come back, and a thief is a scoundrel all through.

"How I got the little one into her night clothes, I don't know. What with the thought of that house, and the silver, and what



jewelry might be lying loose, all left in my care, and the fear that Jim might be back any minute, and fall into the hands of them cut-throats, my mind was brimmed to the bursting point. The Mayvilles' house robbed and Jim maybe murdered, and me sitting there helpless as a kitten! You've seen tigers walk back and forth in a cage with the look that senses and rages at the hopelessness of escape at the same time? I was like that; and I might have walked up and down there all night, if it hadn't been for *her*.

"She'd been cooing through it all like a little dove; and when I put her on the floor to do my frantic promenade, she went creeping about as happy as you please, for the lark with the people all afternoon had put her in a gale of fun. It was her sudden change to a whimper that brought back my thoughts to her. She had crept to the door of the inner closet and kept lisping, 'Pone, pone;' and all of a sudden I realized she was asking for the megaphone we'd amused her with in that very room, the last time the Mayvilles had been in the house. They'd used it on the roof to signal the guests home at meal time from places they'd drove or strolled to, and 'twas kept in the closet there that had an outer door opening handy to the stair leading to the roof.

"My inspiration came like a flash, and in about the time of another one I had that big horn off the shelf and was through the double doors of the closet into the rear passage. I left the baby still whimpering below, and climbed the stairs in a jiff. With the thieves shut down there behind big oak doors and thick walls, I knew my voice would carry high over their ears; and I yelled through that instrument with every lung-cell I had pushed into my voice.

" 'Jim!' I called. 'If you hear this, come to the edge of the grove where I can see you against the snow and wave your hat! Don't come near the house—it's full of thieves. Get the police and come as quick as you can. I'm locked in my room safe with the baby, but they've found the silver!'

"Three times I yelled the message into the night air; then waited — while the baby whimpered louder and louder down stairs—and I heard what seemed to be a loud rapping on the door beyond.

"At last, after what seemed to be an age—I saw a black spot on the snow near the edge of the grove. The moonlight was so bright I could easily see the hat waving, and knew Jim had heard.

"I was back down stairs in time to hear the most peculiar kind of profanity ever put into human speech. The thieves hadn't been able to find out the trick into the panel closet, and had come to fetch me to do the act. I guess they'd been interviewing me on the subject all the time I was on the roof, for their words implied they had got impatient at my contempt. For all that, I was glad the baby's lungs had drowned out the sound of my wireless message on the roof.

"They were threatening when I came down, to break the door to splinters if I didn't come out; and I knew by the forcible form of their command that they meant it. I reckoned it would take Jim at least twenty-five minutes to get to me with help—and how to keep the door shut for that long a time was my problem. I had strong arms, and it was as easy as frying doughnuts to move the chiffonier across the door, and back that with the dresser and bed, but they were three desperate men outside, all used to their work, as I sensed when I heard them picking away at the lock; and when in a minute I heard the knob fall to the floor, I knew it was just a question now, of muscle against hardwood furniture—and my heart went to my shoes. I was sitting with baby on the bed to help weight it, when, presently, I felt it move. For a minute I was paralyzed; but the baby, bless her—was the one to put wit into my addled brain as she had before, "'Tair!' she goosed, pointing again to the closet, and at the word I jumped with her through the doors, shutting them after me—and on the attic stair—according to that infant's sensible suggestion.

"Up I went to the roof, shutting the trap-door behind me and snapping the iron bolt into the hasp. Then, when I was safe, I looked out over the fields, and there a mile away came a crowd of horsemen, riding like—comets. The noise down stairs was a bedlam, so I took the megaphone and called out:

"'Come up the back stair, and you'll catch your men in a trap. They are in the third room on the left.' A dozen hats waving told me my message—low as it was—had carried; and there I stood in the moonlight, and watched the men come nearer and nearer—

while the noise below told me the thieves had found the attic stair, and were on my trail.

"I didn't know how long that little bolt would hold against their blows; but I knew when it gave way there wouldn't be one chance in ten for me and the babe—especially if all of us were caught up there together when the trap was sprung from below.

"I guess the surprise of the ambush below saved me; for all at once I heard the hasp holding the bolt snap—and then a rush of feet—downward, not upward—as I expected, and then such a babel below as I never thought could be. When at last a hand pushed up the trap-door, the face that looked at me was Jim's, and then I—fainted.

"And that's why we called her Thankful; for if anybody had cause for special thanks that Thanksgiving day, it was Jim and me—and the baby. As for the Mayvilles—well, as the writer-folks say—"That's another story."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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## A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT.

BY ROBERT PRICE, OF THE LIVERPOOL OFFICE, BRITISH MISSION.

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While laboring as a missionary a few months ago in the south of England many things transpired which made me rejoice in the gospel. By invitation from a friend, my companion and I visited a little fishing village, and while there met a sister who had joined the Church many years ago, and who is still rejoicing in the Latter-day work, though she has seen few of the elders for thirty years. Our visit to her home was very pleasant, and we listened to her tell of the experiences of Brigham Young, Jr., and other elders who had preached the gospel in that vicinity in the early days, without money. She told us how they promised her that she would never want for something to eat, because she was willing to share what little she had with them, and how that promise had

been fulfilled, even though her husband had been a helpless invalid for many years.

The elders were forced to leave that village, in those days, because of the persecution brought upon them by the influence of a so-called Christian preacher. After meeting, which the elders had held on the street corner, this gentleman (?) spoke to the crowd that had gathered. He resorted to ridicule and slander, which turned the people against them so that they were unable to make any headway in that place; but, before leaving, Elder Young prophesied that the day would come when this minister's flock would desert him, and would ridicule him as he had ridiculed them. She had witnessed the fulfilment of this prediction, for the day came when he was considered too old to act as a scriptural expounder, and they turned him out of their church. His wife had died, and he had no one to look after him, and often his clothes were not as neat and clean as they might have been, with a little attention. Those who had pointed the finger of scorn at the Latter-day Saint elders, with their leader, now made all manner of sport of him. He died penniless. His last days were spent a few miles from this village, and when he returned, just before he died, none of his flock would welcome him to their homes.

Such experiences cause me to rejoice that I am faithful in the work of the Lord, and they strengthen my testimony to the inspiration of his servants, but my soul is grieved when I see men oppose that work, today. If they would only take the advice of Gamaliel of old, how much better it would be for them!

Liverpool, England.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

"A handful of corn shall be sown in the earth, even in the top of the mountains, and the fruit thereof shall shake like the trees of Lebanon: and the children shall flourish out of the city like the grass of the earth." So sang the ancient Psalmist, and they are prophetic words fulfilled in the history of the Latter-day Saints.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. \* \* \* Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

The Latter-day Saints have been planted by the inspiration of God, "even in the tops of the mountains." What fruit has the tree of their planting borne? Is it not good fruit, in very deed? Surely, also, the children of the Saints have flourished "out of the city like the grass of the earth;" and as surely they have brought forth good fruit. In temporal, physical, spiritual and moral worth, they are the peers of any children on earth. The people have grown to this condition, mark you, by heeding the counsels and teachings of the authorities of the Church, and the policies which they have advocated.

In temporal matters, what do they stand for? For thrift, honest work, a trusting, living, loving spirituality, and a morality unequalled in any other community elsewhere in the world. They fully believe that honest work is one of the ways that leads to contentment and happiness in this world. They have been taught to work, to conquer the deserts and make them yield to the susten-

ance of man; to delve in the earth for her riches; to seek for knowledge; and find pleasure in commerce, the professions, and the arts. Their guiding maxim might have been inspired by the *Songs of the Toiler*:

“Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills  
The fields with Plenty crowned;  
Him with the woodman’s ax that thrills  
The wilderness profound.”

Their leaders, inspired of the Lord, have ever taught them industry and frugality, until these are among their chief characteristics. So taught, aided, and inspired, they have hewn their onward way from poverty to plenty. Through diligence and assiduity, the sage plains have given way to fields and orchards, and the barren hills to bloom. They believe and have demonstrated that a man

“Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep  
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.”

Steam plows, modern threshers, scientific irrigation, modern machinery, have been made to serve them, until happy homes, lovely fields, and factories for man’s supply, dot the one-time deserts. This people, so temporally blessed, stand for honest self-government, loyalty to our nation, economy, and integrity, as opposed to the rule of evil men, disloyalty, corruption, wastefulness, and political pollution. Thus have this people grown in temporal affairs, through the counsels and wise leadership of the authorities of the Church.

Now, in moral affairs, are they not a pure people? Where a better class or purer than the young men and women of the Church, where they have followed the teachings of the Church? What other community can say, as the Latter-day Saints can truly say, that their sons are as free from vice as their daughters? And both are sweet, and clean, and pure, honest, and full of integrity. They are courageous in truth; they are a people behind principle, standing firm for their convictions, even as a Daniel for his right to worship. Their history verifies this statement. Who will say that a people who crossed the deserts to conquer a wilderness, under the conditions which the Saints did it, are not a people full of moral courage—even the courage of Daniel? The pioneers pos-

sessed this courage and faith to an unlimited degree, and their children partake of it. They join in deed with their fathers and mothers in singing:

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way.  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.

The Saints have always combatted harmful customs, and bad public opinions. They and their children have stood by the truth—the eternal truth. To the sacrifice of popularity, they have dared to stand for the right, for purity of life, for the rearing of families, and the privilege of training their children in the ways of the Lord.

In spiritual affairs, no people stand higher, nor nearer to the Almighty and his beloved Son Jesus Christ. Him they worship and adore; not alone in words, but in works, and by striving to keep his commandments, and follow his teachings. They recognize that there is no religion above or greater than the truth; and hence they seek the eternal truth. They love peace and good will. They believe in and practice love, meekness, humility; and they confess a living faith in Jesus Christ and in his mission and sacrifice, his resurrection, and passage to glory with the Father, and in life eternal.

These are some of the fruits of the teachings, counsels, and lives of the Latter-day Saints and their leaders. As to proof of the temporal. I need only refer to the conditions, the flourishing towns, and happy homes around us. They speak for themselves. As to the moral, the young men and the young women of our community, virtuous, pure, intelligent, honest, full of integrity and achievement, may themselves reply. As to the spiritual, point us to a people who live nearer to the teachings of our Savior, who revere him more, and who keep his commandments with more enthusiasm, or who are more in harmony with the Divine. How, then, can the system, or the leaders thereof, be counted evil? Their fruits have proved to be good, and "by their fruits ye shall know them."

At no time have the leaders of this people counseled evil; and it is true that where individuals have heeded the counsels of the

elders of the Church, such persons have in the end succeeded best, and have recognized the wisdom and justice of their counsels. The contrary course has universally ended in failure, often in spiritual death, and moral degeneration; while the fruits of obedience to their counsels are prosperity, spiritual life, moral purity, advancement, contentment, and joy.

Now these are facts. These have been the fruits of "Mormonism," and the results of following the counsels of the Church authorities. Why, then, should any young man, or old either, when malicious falsehood is hurled recklessly at the devoted leaders, doubt their integrity, or disregard their advice. Has not history proved the servants of the Lord to be honest, just, secure in the right? and their counsels safe guides to the way, ending in ultimate blessing?

Just now there is a tendency among some of the thoughtless young men to join in or sympathize with the fight against the Church authorities, waged by the assassins of virtue, the supporters of vice, and riot, and wine and lewd women, gambling, robbery and general corruption. It is a senseless tendency, and they who follow it will do so to their own destruction.

At the present time we are about to make choice of some political leaders. It is scarcely necessary to say that a man who has the interest of himself and his people at heart, will choose his friends. Who are our friends? Men who have kept informed on the trend of affairs in the nation, for the past two years or more, may easily surmise. To vote any other way would be ungracious, against our own best interests, and would show a spirit of ungratefulness such as this people do not naturally possess. "Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### *The Kingdom of God.*

Will you please state what is meant by the Kingdom of God?

President Wilford Woodruff was asked that same question by an Associated Press reporter, just after an election some years before his death, and in reply he is reported to have said:

"It is this: We hold that this Church was set up and organized by command of the Almighty; that it has the right to formulate and maintain rules of church discipline applying to its own members; that the extent of its punitive powers is the excommunication of the transgressor; that it has no power to punish anyone by deprivation of life, liberty or property or personal injury in any form; that governments should not regulate the church, nor the church seek to control the state, that all men should be politically free and equal, free to vote as they please and to sustain what politics they please, so that they do not infringe upon the rights of others. We believe this Church will prepare the way for the coming of Christ to reign as King, and that this Church will then develop into the Kingdom of God, which all Christians pray will come, that the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven. We believe in the full and free agency of man, and that when that kingdom is established there will be perfect liberty on earth, civil, political and religious." See also an article by the First Presidency, ERA Vol. 7, page 274.

#### *On Blessing Children.*

When the Elders bless a child and give it a name, is it proper to mention the surname as well as the given name?

The full name may be mentioned; that is, both the given name and the surname, when the child is blessed. But this is not absolutely necessary. But where both are given, there can then be no mistake about the name of the child. Its whole name is given; and besides, as soon as the child is blessed, it is the duty of the parents or its guardian to furnish the clerk of the ward with the date of its birth, names of its parents, etc., so that the record itself will give the whole name of the child, and will be an evidence in itself of what the child's name is.

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#### MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

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By letter from President Heber J. Grant, the following report of the work done in the British mission for the month of August is received. The elders are making splendid headway, and the late visit of President Smith is sure to do a



world of good to the cause of truth in that mission. The elders are more determined to do their full duty than ever before. While the baptisms for August do not show the increase in proportion to the other work, yet one must remember that this is a day of warning as well as of conversion. The increased work is very beneficial to the elders, even if they do not secure many converts.

Work done.	Increase over August, 1905.
Tracts.....	453,985.....189,909
Books.....	13,569.....8,556
Gospel conversations.....	27,576.....12,457
Strangers' houses visited	84,936.....35,906
Baptisms.....	30.....4

Elder C. H. Davis, president of the East Pennsylvania conference, writes September 19, that there are now seven elders laboring in Pennsylvania; two in Camden, N. J.; six in Baltimore, Md.; and two in New York Co., Pa. "All are working hard, and meet with some opposition in the way of absurd stories about Utah and her people; but we go ahead and deliver our messages for we know in whom we trust. There is more real joy in one day in missionary work than in a whole year in following after the pleasures of this world. If our young men could realize this, they would save themselves the humiliation of waiting until they are called to proclaim the gospel before making it a study, and they would take advantage of our associations and Sunday schools to learn the principles of the gospel."

The report of the Scandinavian mission for the month of August, shows that there are three conferences in Denmark and three in Norway, with 134 missionaries, 64 in the first country named, and the remainder in Norway. During the month, the missionaries visited 30,858 homes, and held 6,669 gospel conversations, 426 meetings, ordained seven persons, blessed thirteen children, and baptized twenty-seven people. The report of the Swedish mission for August shows that there are five conferences with 69 missionaries, that 15,519 homes had been visited, 2,008 gospel conversations held, and 240 meetings; one ordained, two children blessed, and fourteen persons baptized.

The report of the elders of the Northern States Mission, for the month ending September 30, 1906, as kindly given to the ERA by President German E. Ellsworth, shows that there are 132 elders in the eight conferences of that mission; during the month of September the elders sold 669 "Books of Mormon," visited 25,958 homes; and revisited 6,739. They held 39,309 conversations, spending 8,735 hours in so doing. They distributed 48,898 tracts, and spent 11,064 hours in that work. They loaned 341 books and sold 2,742. They held 214 meetings in halls, and 428 cottage meetings, and 581 open-air meetings. There were 13 baptisms and 15 children blessed, during the month.

Elder J. O. Sampson of Marysville, Calif., writes October 15, that he finds the ERA a great help to him. His wife and he are the only Latter-day Saints in that place. There are some very good people who are honest, pure, and in full

meaning search for the word of truth; but there are many others who follow the evil way. "This city was named in honor of one of the members of the ill-fated Donner party, whose name was Miss Mary Murphy at that time; but who later became Mrs. Mary M. Corilland. Her nephew is in the postoffice here as assistant postmaster. I hope that I may be able to turn a few honest souls to the everlasting gospel, and I wish you success in your calling."

Elders D. N. Hulse, L. D. McBride, W. C. Smith, and T. L. VanNoy write to the ERA under date of October 13, from Toronto, Canada: "On September 23rd President John G. McQuarrie visited Toronto, Canada, and held a conference with the elders, Saints, and friends of this vicinity, the first ever held in Toronto. We have heretofore visited Albany, New York, in conference; but were this time pleased with the privilege of meeting in a conference gathering with the people where we labor. We held three hall, and two street, meetings which were well attended. We believe much good was accomplished in awakening an interest among the people for the great Latter-day work. A Sunday school was organized here, and we feel that there will be a greater interest shown in the work in the future. The ERA assists us in advocating the truths contained in the gospel, and contains many gems of knowledge."

President Alex. Nibley of the Netherlands mission writes, Sept. 14: Last month the elders in this mission distributed 37,546 tracts, which exceeds anything that has hitherto been accomplished in these fields. There are 34 elders at work, so this means an average of 822 tracts per elder. This year we have put out over 202,000 tracts, which is an increase of about 40,000 over the whole of last year. This can be accounted for from the fact that we now have Elder Chas. W. Penrose's *Rays of Living Light*, in Dutch, and have already distributed about six ton of them. You can see by this that England is not the only country in which Brother Penrose is doing a wonderful missionary work. The elders disposed of 2,811 books last month, an increase of 1,762 over July, and July was about 500 books ahead of anything we had ever before done in the mission. What swelled our book record was getting out President Ben E. Rich's *Friendly Discussion* in Dutch. These little pamphlets are going like hot cakes, and are a splendid thing for this part of the world. We are baptizing right along in all the conferences, and each branch in the mission is growing. We are also having the *Rays* translated into French, and this will give the elders in Belgium what they have long been in need of, some good Church literature. Our Sunday schools are all in fine condition. In three schools in the Rotterdam conference there are 114 "Mormon" children enrolled, and 104 non-"Mormons." This does not include the Rotterdam school which has an enrollment of about 180 pupils. The ERA is regularly received and greatly appreciated by all the elders. We thank you for it.

## IN LIGHTER MOOD.

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The late William M. Evarts used to tell a good story about himself. While he was in the United States senate, his wife and children were in their mountain home in Vermont. One of the latter was looking out of the window thinking of her father and wishing that she could see him, when a donkey in a contiguous pasture came to the fence, poked his head over the top rail, and brayed most dolefully. The child wiped a few lonesome tears from her eyes and then called to the donkey: "Never mind! Don't be lonesome, for papa will be home Saturday evening."

Once upon a time an Arab went to his neighbor, and said, "Lend me your rope."

"I can't," said the neighbor.

"Why can't you?"

"Because I want to use the rope myself."

"What do you want to do with it?" the borrower persisted.

"I want to tie up five cubic feet of water with it," was the reply.

"How on earth," the other sneered, "can you tie up water with a rope?"

"My friend," said the neighbor, "Allah is great, and he permits us to do strange things with a rope when we don't want to lend it."

When Simeon Ford, the witty after-dinner speaker, returned recently from Europe, he was met at the wharf, as usual, by a group of newspaper reporters. When rallied upon his golfing, and especially his mutton-eating, in Scotland, he let the reporters account for it in their own way. What they said was various and funny, and it made readable copy.

Not long afterwards, however, when Mr. Ford arrived at his hotel, Joel Benton, one of his guests, told him that the reporters had not really explained his ravenous fondness of mutton. Of course, if there was a new reason for such an appetite Mr. Ford was eager to know it.

"Why," said Benton, "the reason is that which was once given by a Dutchman: you ate mutton because it was sheep, and you didn't eat venison because it was deer."

They are laughing in Washington over a rebuke that a sentry of one of the departments administered recently to the Russian abassador's coachman. The coachman, it appears, wanted to drive his master's carriage along a roadway that for some reason was barred. When the sentry refused to let the carriage pass, the coachman remonstrated.

"I drive," he said, "ze Russian minister."

"I can't help it," returned the sentry.

"Let me t'rough," persisted the coachman. "My master is ze Count Cassini, ze ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of ze Czar of all ze Russias."

"Frenchy," said the sentry, "I wouldn't let you through even if your master was a free-born American citizen."

Illustrative of "that troublesome Henglish haitch" an American traveler relates the following:

Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious baked ham. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son. Say 'am."

"I did say 'am," the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said 'am," cried the father fiercely. "'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am."

In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me and, with a deprecatory little laugh, explained:

"They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir."

A little girl from an East End slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query: "Does your husband drink?" "Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house. After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions: "How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?" By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions. "Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions."

A young clerk grown up in the employ of a prosperous German grocer was, by reason of his ability and knowledge of all the details, virtually entrusted with the management of the business, and, although given frequent advances of salary, began to feel that his services were absolutely indispensable, and not properly appreciated from a money point of view. He laid the matter before his employer, placing particular stress on what a difficult matter it would be to operate the business without him. This claim was admitted by the employer, who enquired further.

"But, Chon, vat if you should die?"

"Oh, then you would have to get along without me," remarked John.

After a few minutes' deep thought the employer looked up at John and said:

"Vell, Chon, chust consoder yourself deat."

## OUR WORK.

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### NOTES.

On Sunday evening, September 23, a number of important changes were made in the Cannon ward M. I. A. by Bishop Lewis T. Cannon, assisted by Stake Superintendent E. H. Eardley. Martin Anderson was chosen and set apart as president of the M. I. A. and James Wells was set apart as secretary and treasurer of the Pioneer Stake Y. M. M. I. A.

At the stake quarterly conference of Box Elder, on Sunday, September 9, James P. Olsen was set apart as second assistant superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., in place of George W. Watkins, who has been called as a member of the First ward bishopric. At the convention, held on Sunday, September 23, Hyrum Perry was selected as aid in the stake board. The stake secretary, George L. Zundell, writes: It is the unanimous voice of all our workers that our recent convention was the most successful convention ever held in Box Elder. In losing Brother Watkins from our ranks we feel that a good worker has been taken from us. We have already eighty-four ERA subscribers to Volume X, the Third ward having obtained eighty. Their quota is thirty-six.

Secretary G. N. Curtis, of the Northern States Mission, writes from Chicago, under date of October 10: The Y. M. M. I. A. of the Chicago branch was organized during the past week and had its first meeting last night. We had a very large attendance for the opening night, and look forward with interest to the study of the Manual. We have an excellent body of students here, and they are a great help to the local brethren. We are thankful to them for their assistance; and as a band of workers, we are indeed proud of them. Brother Samuel Thatcher was chosen president, with Brothers L. A. Ramsay and Israel Stewart as counselors. Luther Dennison, one of our local brethren, was chosen secretary of the Mutual. Last year the association had a very successful year, and the officers chosen for the coming year predict a bright future for the Mutual work in this part of the Lord's vineyard. All the elders are more than pleased with the ERA, and await its arrival as eagerly as the arrival of a letter from home.

On Sunday, September 2, the following M. I. A. officers were selected for the associations of Logan: 1st ward, Joel Ricks, president, John H. Wilson, Heber Maughan, counselors, and Will Morrell, secretary. Second Ward: W. G. Morrell, president, W. W. Hall and L. W. Hatch, counselors, and W. R. Worley,



secretary. Seventh Ward: A. G. Lundstrom, president. N. P. Nielsen and N. P. Anderson, counselors, and Hyrum Hansen, secretary. Fourth Ward: J. S. Campbell, president, W. M. Evarton and Ole Sonne, counselors, and Alma Sonne, secretary. In the fifth ward the old officers were sustained for the new year's work.

At the M. I. A. convention of Cache stake, held at Logan, September 23, the resignation of Superintendent Hirschel Bullen, who has occupied that position for some years, was accepted, and a reorganization of the stake officers of that stake was completed as follows:

A. E. Cranney, superintendent; Hopkin D. Campbell, first assistant; Fred Scholes, second assistant; L. C. Farr, Jr., secretary; Walter M. Jenkins, assistant secretary; Noah Larsen, treasurer; C. V. Hansen, librarian; Charles McNeill, chorister.

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### MONTHLY REPORTS.

The attention of the stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. is called to the blank reports recently mailed them by the General Secretary, which they have doubtless distributed to their ward presidents. It is important that they call the attention of the ward presidents to the necessity of filling these out promptly on the first of each month, and returning them to the stake superintendents, giving the condition of the associations, in accordance with those blanks. The stake superintendents are requested to forward a condensed report on one of the same blanks to the General Secretary, as soon as the reports from his stake are gathered. In this way the stake officers, as well as the General Board, will be informed of the condition of the work as it progresses, instead of waiting until the end of the season; and remedies may be applied where the work is lagging.

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### THE SENIOR MANUAL.

The first numbers of the Senior Manual were delivered to the General Office as late as the 4th of October, at which time a large number of orders were ready and on hand to be filled, the delivery of the Manual has been very slow during the month, owing to a lack of workmen in the bindery, and this has caused a delay, which we very much regret, in the distribution of Manuals to some of the associations. However, the orders can now be filled, and those who are not yet supplied with Senior Manuals will kindly send their orders immediately, and they will have attention, in their turn as soon as possible. Orders for the Junior Manual can be filled on day of arrival.

## EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

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**Peach Day.**—One of the important days for Box Elder County, established within the past few years, is peach day. This year it was celebrated on the 19th of September, and Box Elder County, and Brigham City, did themselves proud on this occasion. Over eight hundred cases of peaches out the thousand that had been provided by the Commercial Club were eaten by the visitors during the day. Trains carrying people from the North, the West, and the South, arrived during the morning hours. Fifteen carloads of passengers arrived from Salt Lake City at 10:30 a. m. The exercises included band music, an address of welcome by Mayor Holst of Brigham, an open air concert at the courthouse lawn, by the Brigham City Military Band, a concert in the tabernacle, a dance in the Academy, and a show at the Opera house, with other smaller attractions. The day was a grand success. At the general semi-annual conference Elder Rudger Clawson stated that there are 700 families in Brigham City; that during this season 105 carloads of peaches were shipped out of Brigham City alone, from which over \$100,000 were realized. It gave employment to many, and during the few weeks of the peach season, the children did work enough to earn \$1,200. Considering the former barrenness of that place, and that it is only one in many of like character in this region, surely the marvelous prophecy of Isaiah is fulfilled: "The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

**Cuban Affairs.**—All the efforts of Secretary Taft to restore peace by agreement between the contending Cuban forces proved futile. It became apparent on September 25, that the government and the Moderates intended by abdication to force intervention, and on the 26th President Palma informed Secretary Taft that his decision to resign was irrevocable, as he regarded the terms which the Commission (Taft and Bacon) had proposed—the resignation of all officers elected in 1905, except President Palma, and that new elections be held January 1, 1907—as "contrary to his personal dignity and to the prestige of the government." The Cuban congress took a recess to await the Commission's report. When Congress reassembled there was no quorum, as the Moderates refused to attend. And so it was impossible to elect any one to succeed Palma, whereupon it became necessary

for Secretary Taft to take control, which he did by establishing a provisional government in Cuba, Sept. 29th. He established a disarmament commission, with General Funston at its head; released 70 political prisoners; offered President Palma a warship to get out of the country on, which the retiring president courteously declined; retained the Cuban flag, which made a good impression. His proclamation as provisional governor of Cuba declares that the provisional government would be maintained only long enough to "restore order, peace and public confidence, by direction of and in the name of the President of the United States, and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine those persons upon whom the permanent government of the republic should be devolved." The people generally seemed to regard the new government with confidence. Secretary William H. Taft returned to the United States October 13, and the new Provisional Governor is Charles E. Magoon who assumed control that day. Several thousand U. S. soldiers and marines have been landed and will remain until order and public confidence are restored; when that time will come can not even be guessed, until after the new elections, which will, perhaps, decide whether there shall be lasting peace in the island, or whether the trouble will end in the eventual acquisition of Cuba by this country. In the meantime, Cuba has one more opportunity to practice self-restraint, and, through the unusual and unprecedented action of the United States, has one more chance to enjoy independence.

**Sunday in France.**—France is a headstrong nation, bent seemingly upon having its own way for the way's sake. In the beginning God rested upon the Sabbath day and hallowed it, and later commanded all men to observe it; but France long ago abandoned that idea, and, as in many other Christian nations, turned the day over to pleasure and business. The Socialists, however, recognizing the need of one day in seven for rest, agitated for years, a compulsory week-day rest law, which was finally passed by parliament, and went into effect September 1. The motive behind the law is not religious but social. Ordinarily the rest day will be on Sunday, but it is said that large employers may make arrangements by which their employes will be given a day off in rotation, in order that it will not be necessary to suspend business on Sunday—the day when it should be suspended as far as possible.

**Church Affairs in France.**—A council of French bishops recently adopted a letter to the Catholics of France which was approved by the Pope, and read in all the Catholic churches of France September 23. The letter declares against compliance with the recently passed law separating church and state, on the ground that the Pope has not been consulted regarding the abrogation of the Concordat between France and the Vatican, and he could not therefore recognize the proposed reorganization of the French church. The clergy will now await the action of the government, and not leave their churches until requested to do so by the local authorities.

**Secretary Root's Tour of South America.**—On September 21, Secretary Root arrived at Panama on his return from an extended tour of the South American Republics. He made the tour with a view to cultivating friendly rela-

tions between our country and the governments of South America; and also to remove the distrust that seems to have been entertained in some quarters of the intentions and policy of the government of the United States. Secretary Root was everywhere cordially, even enthusiastically, received, and it is the generally accepted opinion that he was remarkably successful in his mission of conciliation. His tour, also, has opened the eyes of this country to the wealth and importance of the South American states, and to the desirability of cultivating more friendly commercial relations with our neighbors on the south.

**To Visit the Missions.**—Announcement was made in the *Deseret News*, Saturday, October 13, that the members of the council of Twelve Apostles and Presidents of Seventies had been assigned to visit the different missions of the United States, attend conferences, and give instructions to members of the Church, preach the gospel, and inquire into and assist in regulating such affairs as may be necessary. The work will probably cover a period of several months and is evidently in conformity with the policy adopted by President Lorenzo Snow before his death, to place the responsibility of the stakes upon the stake presidents, and permit the apostles and leading seventies to go out into the world and preach the gospel. Elder B. H. Roberts left for the East on Wednesday, October 17, having just returned from a mission to Arizona and Mexico, in the interest of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Seventies; Elders Hyrum M. Smith and Geo. F. Richards have left for the western states, Elder George Albert Smith has gone east, and Elder Chas. H. Hart will visit the Central states mission.

**County Fairs.**—This year the D. A. & M. Society held no state fair; but several county fairs were held throughout the state. In Ogden, in the latter part of September, the Inter Mountain Fair was held which closed on the 22nd day of September. It was a grand success in almost every detail. There was an excellent exhibit of livestock and fruit. During the early days of October, closing Saturday October 6, a county fair was held at Lagoon, Davis Co., at which a splendid exhibit of fruit of all kinds was made. Large numbers of people attended, and it was a great success. On September 19, 20, 21, a county fair was held in Cedar City, Iron county, which was as creditable as it was successful.

**New Cashier.**—On the 1st of October, Geo. M. Cannon, who has for many years acted as cashier of the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Co., closed his business relations with that bank, to enter business as manager of the Geo. M. Cannon Co. He was succeeded by Ovando C. Beebee, who has for the past five years served as National Bank examiner for the Congressional district of Utah and Wyoming. Mr. Beebee was formerly connected with the bank, having served therein for over twelve years, in various capacities, working his way from collector and messenger, in the bank's service. During the incumbency of Mr. Cannon the bank has grown to immense proportions, its deposits having grown from one million, in 1895, to nearly five millions in 1906, and we have no doubt his successor, with his ability and standing, will aid the bank to continue to grow in power and importance in the financial world during his administration.



**Ecclesiastical Changes.**—On the 16th of September, at a ward conference held at Moore, Idaho, in the Lost River valley, the Lost River branch was organized into a ward, with Andrew C. Jensen, Jr., bishop. All the auxiliary organizations were also organized, and a complete ward organization effected.

**New European Church Headquarters** —On Saturday, October 13, official announcement was made by the Church authorities, that the Church is to have a new and permanent headquarters of modern and capacious character, in England. During the recent visit of President Joseph F. Smith to England, negotiations were closed, which had theretofore been carried on by President Heber J. Grant of the European mission, by which a valuable site, with fine residence, and ground enough on which to erect a church building, was purchased in Liverpool. The price involved in the transaction is not given; but the property is known as Durham House, No. 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool. The size of the ground is 227 by 87 ft. President Smith regards the property with much favor. The principal building which it now contains is a three-story residence which will be suitable for headquarters, meetings, printing establishment, and other necessary rooms for the labors of the headquarters of the European mission. Proper title has been obtained, and the change from Holly Road will soon be made.

**Died.**—In Ogden, Saturday, September 1, Joseph Hall, pioneer of Weber Co., born in Birmingham, England, August 6, 1825, baptized December 25, 1841, came to Utah in 1855. He was postmaster of Ogden for four years; was chaplain of the lower house of the Utah legislature, in 1886, and held many other civil and ecclesiastical positions, being also connected with the newspaper business in Ogden.—In Provo, same date, Isaac Riddle, born Kentucky, March 22, 1830, came to Utah in 1849, settling first in North Ogden, later in Beaver, and came to Provo in 1897, where he since resided.—In Salt Lake City, same date, Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor Edward, born England, September 17, 1845, joined the church in South Africa, and came to Utah September 2, 1863.—In Manassa, Colo., the same date, John C. Dalton, born Utah, Jan. 9, 1856, a pioneer and explorer of the San Juan country, bishop of Manassa for 13 years.—In Salt Lake, Wednesday, September 5, Agnes Cross Douglas, born Ireland April 6, 1818, joined the church in 1842, and came to Utah September 23, 1848.—In Wilford, Fremont Co., Idaho, same date, Mrs. Sarah Ann Fewks Allen, born Leicestershire, England, April 9, 1863, came to Utah in 1882, resided at Heber, Coalville, and since 1900 in Wilford.—In Salt Lake City, Saturday, 8th, Eliza Sadler, born England, July 26, 1818, came to America in 1856, and arrived in Salt Lake City September 16, 1859.—In Salt Lake City, same date, Mrs. Lois Horsley, wife of Harry Horsley, born England, and emigrated to Utah in 1860, crossing the plains with a Hand Cart Company.—In South Bountiful, same date, Patriarch Oren Hatch, born New York, May 9, 1830, enlisted in the "Mormon" battalion, July 1846, being the youngest member of that famous organization. He came to Utah with his family in 1849. He leaves 111 grandchildren, 18 great-grandchildren, bringing the total membership of his family to 150, most of whom it was his privilege to bless since he was ordained patriarch some five years ago.—In Springville, Tuesday, 11th, Mrs. John M. Cle-



ments, born England, December 21, 1828, came to Utah in 1854.—On the same date, in the same place, Jacob W. McCurdy, born New Jersey, 1818, and came to Utah in 1853.—In Provo, Thursday, September 13, David Van Wagenen, born, New Jersey, 69 years ago, came to Utah in 1852. and located at Provo, and later in Midway, where he was bishop for 17 years. He returned to Provo in 1897.—In Kaysville, Thursday, September 13, Sarah B. Layton, wife of the late President Christopher Layton, and for nearly thirty years head of the Relief society in Kaysville, born England, July 1, 1826. She joined the Church in the early '40s, and emigrated to America in 1850.—In Provo, Friday, September 21, Hannah Maria Libbey Smith, foster mother and only mother in fact that Apostle John Henry Smith knew, a noble woman and widely beloved, born in New Hampshire, June 29, 1823, joined the Church 1844.—In Provo, Saturday, 22, Isabella Knight, wife of Raymond Knight, Raymond, Canada.—In Salt Lake City, 23rd, Sarah Unger, a native of South Wales, Great Britain, and among the first of the Welsh people to identify herself with the Church. She died in her 84th year.—In Salt Lake City, Monday, September 24, Sarah A. Daft, age 78, one of the wealthiest and best known women of Salt Lake City, a pioneer of 1856. She was a heavy stock-holder in the Independent Tel. Co., and owned considerable real estate in the city.

**Death of President Charles O. Card.**—In Logan, September 9, Chas. Ora Card died; he was an active Church worker and pioneer of Canada, born in New York, November 5, 1839, joined the Church in 1856, and came to Utah the same year. He was a pioneer of Cache in 1859, was a counselor to President Wm. B. Preston from 1879 to 1884, when he was made president of the Cache stake which position he filled until 1890. He superintended the construction of the Logan temple and tabernacle, and was engaged in various business enterprises, saw mills, flour-mills, and building companies. He founded the "Mormon" colonies in Canada in 1887, remaining at the head of affairs there until three years ago when he was honorably released on account of failing health. He was a faithful member of the Church, and his was a brilliant and honored career. Memorial services were held in Cardston, Canada, on September 16, in all of the wards of that stake, with a view to impress in the hearts of the people the memory of so good and sincere a man who worked with untiring zeal and without rest to see Zion grow and increase in good works. At his funeral in Logan there were present many of the Church authorities; and the people generally paid loving respect to his memory.

**Political Leaders.**—The following are nominations for leaders on the tickets of three political organizations:

Republican State Ticket: For Congressman, Jos. Howell; for Justice of the Supreme Court, Jos. E. Frick.

Democratic State Ticket: For Congressman, Orlando W. Powers; for Justice of the Supreme Court, J. W. N. Whitecotton.

"American" State Ticket: For Representative to Congress, Thos. Weir; for Justice of the Supreme Court, Thomas Maione.

A Merry "Lark."—A number of Harvard students had a merry "lark" with a policeman on Boston Common, a few days ago—at least they thought it was merry while it lasted. The policeman, however, was badly hurt, being struck by some of the boys. The incident got into the papers, and also that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and his room-mate, both freshmen, were in it. As soon as the President saw the news in the papers, he sent for Theodore, Jr., to come to Washington, as the papers put it, "for parental advice." The young man rode to Washington in a much more sober mood than he was in on "lark" day, and the way seemed long from Boston to the Capital. What was the advice that father gave him? It was private, and the President's secretary will not give it to the public, but if he would it would make mighty refreshing reading. The following interesting talk, or something like it, however, is what the New York *Independent* presumes he gave the boy:

My son, what means all this noise in the papers about your taking part in a rowdy fight with officers of the law on Boston Common? Is it true that you, supposed to be a decent young gentleman, son of a gentleman, have been engaged in this brutal, vulgar, unlawful fight? Is this what you went to college for? Have you lost the inheritance of honorable Christian instincts? Don't you know that such conduct is not merely vulgar, but wrong? When men of the humblest ranks of life are set to keep the peace, do you join those that break the peace and fight the law? Is it gentlemanly, is it right, to beat the officers of law, like the most low-lived denizens of the dives? Is that the way to get the university training which will make you fit to become a useful citizen, to deserve well of the State and to rule men?

My son, did you forget who your father is? Don't you know that when you hold his name you also hold to a considerable degree his honor in your keeping? Your father, Theodore, has been chosen by the people to represent the right and might of law. His business is to execute law. What will the people think of the man who cannot teach his own eldest son to obey the law? My dear son Theodore, I was at the head of the police system in New York City. It was my business to support the honor and authority of the officers of law, such men as you defied and attacked; and is this the sort of lesson you have learnt of me? And your father now represents the impartial exercise of law all over this mighty nation, that even justice which allows no guilty man to escape; can you expect to escape? It may be that you have put yourself and your father's name into the clutches of the law. You may be arrested; you may be imprisoned, drest in prison clothes and set to break stone. That is the kind of medicine the Government I rule over provides for those who break the peace and break heads. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you had no respect for yourself, you ought at least to have had some respect for your father and your father's office. Theodore, your father is ashamed of you, and he loves you enough to tell you so. Now go back to Cambridge, tell the whole truth, and if you must suffer for it, suffer at least honestly, even tho in the meantime you lose your rank as a gentleman; and let this be a sad and useful lesson to you for all your life.

This little talk will serve for many a boy whose father is not the President of the United States, but whose love of law and order, nevertheless, is quite as great; and whose jealousy of his honor and good name is just as keen.

Race Riots in the South—Georgia and the South have lately suffered from the prevalence of lynch law in a race war, in which many negroes have been killed by the whites. The newspapers have contained sensational statements sug-

gesting lawlessness and promoting the formation of mobs. The difficulty has spread to such an extent that the negroes are fearfully alarmed, and the lawlessness, lynching, and other killing is something almost unprecedented, even in the history of the South. Bishop Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, at Louisville, on the 2nd of October issued an address calling upon all the negroes of the country to observe Sunday, the 7th of October, as a day of prayer; and in his communication to the press of the country he said, "In the name of humanity, help us to find some Harrison, Sumner or Lincoln, who will fight squarely for human rights in these days of lawlessness." Senator Tillman, in a public address in Augusta, Ga., on the 7th of October, predicted many bloody race riots in the near future. Lynching had failed, he said, and he suggested that negroes should be controlled by a system of passports; the proper place for depraved negroes was in the North; if they remained in the South those that could not produce passports should be placed in chaingangs. In conclusion he remarked that Southern whites should "go ahead and do what they believe to be right, regardless of all the Yankees between Cape Cod and Hell."

**Destructive East Wind.**—A hurricane, one of those old-time, three-day east winds, swept over the Salt Lake Valley on Saturday night and Sunday morning, October 20 and 21, which did great damage to property. Trees were uprooted, houses unroofed, chimneys and outbuildings blown down, hay stacks blown away, and barns and other buildings demolished. Two men were seriously injured in Salt Lake City, and in Ogden one man was killed, also one in Murray. Telephone and telegraph lines were torn down, street car and railroad service was stopped, and the electric lights were put out of commission. The wind reached a velocity of 52 miles an hour, and lasted for several hours at nearly that velocity. The damage is very heavy, amounting in Ogden alone, where the force of the storm was most severe, it is estimated at \$200,000, at which rate a half a million dollars would be a low estimate of the total loss. Snow fell before the storm, in the mountains, and in Colorado and Wyoming there were raging blizzards.

**The Scandal of Criminal Journalism.**—The editor of the *Independent*, New York, must have visited Salt Lake City recently. At least, that would be the inference from a recent editorial in that splendid weekly, under the above heading. Here is a paragraph:

The scandal of a great deal of our American journalism has become too grievous to be borne tamely much longer. Neither the reputation of worthy men nor the virtue of pure women is any longer safe from the bloodhounds of a gang of newspaper thugs, fully half of whom pose as philanthropists. As observers of what is doing round about us, we are looking to see what will happen when one of these beasts of prey inadvertently attacks the home of a person unexpectedly powerful, with good tiger fighting blood in him, who will turn and take the bloodhound by the throat. The thing is bound to happen as surely as the world turns round. The sooner the better.

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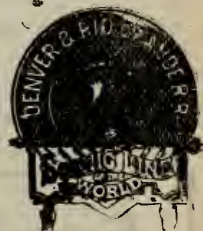
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